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SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY DOLORES.

Somebody's eyes are blue as skies,
Somebody's voice is fine,
Somebody's hair is golden fair,
And somebody's heart is mine.

Somebody talks as somebody walks,
And somebody laughs in glee
As by murm'ring rills, or o'er the green hills
Somebody strolls with me.

The violets new all wet with dew,
In her golden hair I twine,
And oh! her smile, as she looks the while,
Tells somebody's heart is mine.

Years go space and over her face
The shadows will fall, may be;
But somebody's wife she'll be for life,
And perhaps that somebody's me.

JOHN LYNCH'S DEBT.

BY ALTON CLYDE.

I.

The summer day had died in tranquil beauty, like the close of a Christian life, and the sweet lingering twilight was closing in, with its dew-laden air and sky of soft pearly tints, with gleaming ripples of crimson and gold, giving promise of a bright to-morrow. Very deep and solemn was the hush that pervaded one of the beautiful cemeteries of the "City of Brotherly Love" as evening drew on, changing the sky tints to tender, melancholy gray, and casting longer shadows on the outstretched field of graves, here and there giving deeper gloom to dark masses of verdure, and throwing out in stronger relief the white gleams of marble. There, on the plebeian side, where head-stones were few, and only the rise of the green turf mapped out the numerous graves, a young man stood, beside one of those undistinguished mounds, gazing down with bent head and folded arms. The deep band round his hat denoted mourning for some near relative, as also did his well-brushed suit of black. It was in a careful state of preservation, but there was about it a painful air of threadbare respectability, that told its own story. Yet, in spite of these signs, though his purse was but slenderly furnished, and he would go home to a poor lodging and frugal fare, John Lynch, the merchant's clerk, could truly have written Gentleman against his name, for he was one of nature's own—honorable, large-souled, and full of gallant, high-bred chivalry as any of the belted knights of old.

He stood there until the few stragglers who made the cemetery a pleasant evening walk had passed out, and he was nearly left alone. He did not rouse himself until it was time for closing the gates; then he stooped down, and, softly as one might bind a coronet on a beloved brow, placed a little bunch of roses on one of the lowly mounds; at the same time, plucking a few blades of the waving grass, and placing them carefully between the leaves of his pocket-book, murmured, as he glanced at the sweet flowers and inhaled their fragrance—

"I cannot lay marble over him, so I bring him these; and for myself, I would not wish a fairer monument, nor sweeter epitaph. Poor old man! I know he loved the country, and craved a resting-place under the willows in the churchyard of his native village, so my roses will be a fit offering; and this," he added, touching the grass in his pocket-book, "is to keep my purpose fresh and green—not that it has faltered yet."

Thus communing with himself, he turned away, and pausing once to cast a lingering, backward look at the grave, went swiftly down the shaded walk, then passed from the solemn hush, and the presence of those silent sleepers, into the noisy life of the crowded streets.

II.

An hour later, John Lynch was in his home, where no loved face or kindly voice awaited him. It was a third-floor back room, furnished in the dingiest and shabbiest lodging-house style. There, after office-hours, he lived alone his life of patient, unsuspected struggle, with the whole "current of his being" set to the fulfillment of one purpose, which partook of his native nobility—a purpose about which he was strangely secretive. There was only one being in the world whom he took into his confidence, pretty Alice Leigh, his promised wife; but even she did not know all the little secrets of his inner life, the daily sacrifices and stern self-conquest—all the voluntary privations to which he submitted with such proud stoicism. If gentle Alice had known that, it would have taken all the relish from the rich viands on which she fed at her master's table.

It was the first anniversary of his father's death—just twelve months since he had stood, a solitary mourner, at the grave, to which he had that day made a pilgrimage. Old John Lynch had died a bankrupt, broken both in spirit and fortunes. Besides his heavy losses in business, there had been a constant drain upon him in the reckless extravagance of a favorite son, to whom he had largely advanced money. The young man had drawn upon his father's purse until it could yield no further supplies. Since then, he had gone out to California, and nothing had been heard of him. That ungrateful desertion was the final blow which crushed down the old man. He had always been so fond of careless, handsome Ned, preferring him to his steady, reserved elder brother, whose sterling qualities shone out like tried gold in the time of adverse fortune. John, the seemingly cold and undemonstrative, whose retiring virtues had never been fully known or appreciated, and who had never given his father an hour's trouble or concern since his boyhood, it was to him that the old man was glad to turn for comfort and support, when all else had failed. The strictest honor in pecuniary transactions had been, through life, one of his marked traits, coupled with a sensitive pride of independence, that the slightest touch could wound. He was almost morbid on that subject, and carried the same spirit to his grave. Through all his sickness, when earthly things were fading from him, the burden of his debts pressed heavily—it was the theme of almost the last conversation which he held with his son.

"I can't help it, lad; I always tried to pay to the uttermost farthing. It is my debt to Daniel Read that troubles me, the man who came forward when he knew that I was going down. He has made up his mind to lose the money, but—"

"He shall not, father," interrupted the young man, with a tender break in his voice; "I bear your name, and the debt shall be renewed in me. From this day I take it on myself, and, if God gives me health and strength, it shall be paid in full."

An eager gleam shot from the fading eyes.

"My boy, do you promise this?"

"I do, father; rest satisfied, and let the shadow past—it belongs to this world, and should not trouble you now. There are other debts to think of than those of earth."

"God bless thee, John! thou wast a good lad always; but my chief care was given to Ned. God will reward thee better than anything I could do; forgive—forgive me, and take my blessing for thyself and Alice."

The young man was much moved, but he said nothing, only passed round to the other side of the bed with the Bible in his hand, and opened it to read. So closed the last compact between father and son.

III.

"Are you at leisure, Alice? I want to have some serious talk this evening."

"Serious talk, John?" the fair girl repeated, with a wistfully interrogative glance at the grave, dark face which she had learned to read so well.

"Yes," was his brief answer, spoken very low and hurriedly, as if he could not trust himself to say more.

The girl's wistful look change to an expression of anxiety as she said—

"Miss Sarah goes to bed early to-night. I shall only have to take up her glass of negus and read prayers, then my time will be my own; but if I ask leave she will let Thompson take my place. She is so considerate and kind. Stay here, and I will go to her."

John had not waited more than a few minutes, when Alice flitted back to his side, ready dressed for a walk. He looked tenderly down at the slight figure, and the fair, pure face which found such an appropriate frame in the dainty straw bonnet, tied under her dimpled chin with its simple white ribbon. She looked such a sweet, lovable thing with the pretty childish droop in her shy, brown eyes, and the half-conscious blush tinting her cheek, as though she felt all the yearning love that was finding expression in his earnest gaze. He could have gathered her to his heart in one passionate embrace, and kissed every bright ripple of the sunny hair that fell over her white brow. But he did neither, only drew her arm silently within his, and asked briefly—

"Where shall we walk?"

"Under the trees round the square, or anywhere that suits you, John."

So they passed together through the wide entrance-hall, where their footsteps fell so noiselessly, and it seemed quite natural to drop their voices, for even the sunlight seemed to come there subdued, as if to suit the air of grave quiet which pervaded that region of solemn respectability.

A few minutes more, and the two quiet figures were pacing round the square, which at that hour was nearly deserted. It looked so refreshingly green, that still retreat in the heart of the great city, with the waning sunlight filtering through the branches of the trees and weaving golden network on the pavement at their feet. But John Lynch walked on with blind eyes, talking earnestly with one tiny hand gathered in his clasp, and held as though he meant to keep it there forever. Few could have guessed that he was nerving himself for a sacrifice. To give up, by his own voluntary act, the only bit of sunshine that had ever brightened his gray, colorless life. He had that day paid over the first installment of the debt to his father's friend and creditor, Daniel Read; a little hoard, of which every coin was a silent register of heroic self-denial.

"I did not expect to hear this from you, John Lynch, that you could bear to give me up, and divide our lives in the years to come."

It was Alice who spoke with a tremor in her gentle voice, and a grieved, childish quiver about her lips. They had come to a sudden halt under the trees, and the young girl was leaning against the railing for support. They had not noticed the movements of an elderly gentleman within the enclosure, pacing slowly up and down the walks, and keeping those two in sight, in a manner which might have excited suspicion that he was watching them. He stopped when they stopped, and stood with his back towards them, and his head bent forward as if absorbed in the contemplation of the flower-borders, yet still near enough to hear scraps of their talk, if it had pleased him to listen. But, with the natural egotism of their species, the lovers observed nothing but each other.

"HERE IS MY RECEIPT IN ANOTHER FORM."

"Divide our lives, Alice! is it possible that you can mistake my meaning?"

John Lynch spoke with a ring of anguish in his voice; he was deeply moved, and showed it more than was his wont. The strong man's heart was wrung and quivering in its finest fibres.

"No, I will not believe that you can doubt me; you, whom I love more than I can tell; for I am not a great talker, as you know." He went on, speaking rapidly, and crushing back with a strong effort the feeling that would have choked his words, if he had let it have its way.

"Alice, I have told you all; you know my promise to the dead, and the purpose to which my life must be given, until John Lynch's debt is paid. You know, also, that I am a poor man, and the money must be coined out of my own labor. Work—save—as I will, it may take months, perhaps years, before it can be done. Knowing this, can I with honor take you from your present home of luxury, and bind your lot to mine, with all its hard chances, uncertainties, and struggles?—my little girl, whom I would shield, even at the cost of my life?" Here his voice broke into sudden tenderness.

"Can you not see that it is my love which makes me shrink from making you a sacrifice? You were not born to walk in rough places; will it not be better for your happiness to release you from vows that I have no right to claim now?"

"Hush, John! you have a right that cannot be taken from you." She was looking up to him, with her brown eyes glistening, and her cheeks flushed with bright color. "You will find that I am not to be shaken off so easily. I will wait for you until I am gray and old; but I will not be released, if you want it ever so much. She laughed to keep back her tears.

"My little Alice, and will you never regret?"

"No, sir! only, if you love me as you say, I shall expect to be always trusted and believed in."

How finely the true gold of the loving woman's heart came out from the test of circumstance! If it had not been for the sake of appearances, and the recollection that they were in a public square, the young man would have caught her to his heart; as he could not do that, he contented himself with a pressure of her hand that was, perhaps, more eloquent than words. Then they walked back to the stately home where she lived, and when the great hall door had closed on the slight figure, he went on his way like one who has taken a new lease of life and hope.

IV.

Not more than ten minutes after John Lynch had disappeared, an elderly gentleman walked leisurely up the steps of the house into which Alice had just passed, and let himself quietly in with his latch-key, somewhat to the surprise of the staid old servant, who had an impression that his master was dining out and would not return till late.

"Draw the blinds in the library, Thompson, and light my reading-lamp, and mark—I am not to be disturbed for the next hour unless I ring."

He passed on, sure of prompt obedience from the well-trained servant. A few minutes later, the master of the mansion was pacing the floor of the library with his hands behind him; a favorite attitude of his, in moments of profound mental abstraction.

"Truly, this is a pretty discovery for one evening; young John Lynch and my sister's companion engaged to each other. And then about this debt, which I had long since crossed from my mind. Well, it is something unique and out of the common run of business. But to think that it might have been going on, and I should never have got to the kernel of the nut, if I had not chanced to play eavesdropper. A couple of young simpletons! wait till they are gray and old! we shall see; but caution, for I doubt not that young fellow has all the pride of the Lynches embodied in himself. Daniel Read, if you are a man of money, it is to be hoped that you have a conscience."

Time passed, bringing no visible change. The banker, Daniel Read, kept to himself his discovery concerning the lovers, and no apparent result followed his soliloquy in the library. Alice lived her own quiet life in the orderly old house, every day making herself more necessary to her invalid mistress; and John Lynch worked steadily on to the fulfillment of his purpose. His heart grew lighter in anticipation, when he found himself prepared to meet the second payment of his debt.

It wanted only a few days to the time he had fixed, when he was startled by the receipt of an anonymous letter, addressed to him in an unknown hand, and enclosing bank-notes that more than covered the amount due to Daniel Read. There was no writing, only a slip of paper on which had been hastily scribbled in pencil: "From one who holds himself indebted to John Lynch."

This unexpected stroke of good fortune was like the sudden uplifting of a burden from his shoulders. The sequel may be guessed. Not many hours later, the young man was standing in Daniel Read's private office, awaiting his receipt for the debt paid in full, not to the cashier, but to the banker himself, a tall, old man with a grave, lined face and clear, candid, gray eyes, that looked as if they could detect deception under any mask. He wrote out the receipt, but kept his hand upon it, and said, looking attentively at the young man—

"So you are John Lynch, and this is the end of the debt which you took upon yourself to pay for your father; and with this bit of business paper I suppose our connection is to end. You expect nothing but a receipt for your money?"

John Lynch was so thoroughly mystified about his meaning, that he only looked at him in blank perplexity, and said nothing. He was still more bewildered when the banker abruptly disappeared into an inner room, and, after a few seconds, came out, leading Alice.

"Here is my receipt in another form," he said, holding out the timid little hand. "Knowing your regard for each other—no matter how I came by the knowledge—I prepared this surprise for you both. Alice Leigh being an orphan, I claim to be her guardian, and give her to you, with a dowry of five thousand dollars, payable on her wedding-day. My only reproach is, that I shall be doing my poor sister an ill turn in robbing her of Alice."

"Oh, sir!" broke out John, in a choked voice, "that anonymous letter—those bank-notes—I see it all now."

"No matter what you see, young man, don't try to betray me into making confessions. I shall say nothing, only that I am indebted to John Lynch, father and son, for showing me that there is so much high honor and principle among men."

The rest is soon told. Alice Leigh and John Lynch were married, the good old banker giving away the bride, and his sister, Miss Sarah, providing the wedding-breakfast, though she did find it hard to reconcile herself to the loss of her favorite.

In due time John Lynch was installed in the banker's office in a situation of high trust; and thus thus the young couple were beginning the world with very fair prospects for the years to come. It was the just recognition and reward which should always be the crown of noble, useful lives.

MILDRED;

on,

Saved by Hydrophobia.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER XI.

A RESTLESS DAY.

"Mildred, you are as handsome as your mother was," cried Mrs. Tyrrell as she saw me in the silk and lace that I had just put on.

I was standing in the centre of her room, and she was moving around me from chair to chair admiringly. Full of smiles and gracious speeches she must have found in me a dull mirror for her happy mood. I arose when Eunice awoke me, and breakfasted and dressed in a dull, half insensible way. It was very quiet, too quiet for active misery and despair; still, mixed with the calm stupor I was in, was enough of desolate hopelessness to make my face a blank denial of her compliment. She was dressed in a bright, light-colored silk, and that and her flurried, excited manner, changed her greatly. She talked consolately.

"It is near the time," she said; "push my chair into the window that I may watch for Ralph. He will be here in a few minutes now."

Ellen, who was attending her obeyed, and she bent forward, looking eagerly down the road. I threw myself upon the sofa, and rested my head upon my hand. The pattern of the carpet under my eyes seemed to weave itself strangely with my life, past and present. Tracing the winding scroll work with richly-colored roses scattered over it I recalled, in dim, confused connection the high walled garden at Elmwood, the straight daisy-bordered walks, and saw myself in play hours, book in hand, wandering up and down, afraid to lose the time in frolic. Then, mingled with this, came my lonely rides by the sea-beach, my free, untrammelled life still fresh before me, and the sense of the great change fortune had wrought for me, giving a zest and newness to enjoyment. My eyelids dropped. I ceased to see the figures that were mingling with my thoughts—ceased to think at all. A quick, sharp noise beside me brought me back again. It was a chair which Mrs. Tyrrell had overturned in moving. We were alone together, but she neither spoke to or looked at me.

"What shall I do?" she was saying to herself in a wild, impatient manner. "What can it mean? An hour gone, and he so punctual. What shall I do?"

She had got up, and was moving uneasily from the window to the mantel-piece, where a small French clock stood. I glanced at it. The hour was eleven. I had been asleep. The time named for the wedding had passed. Mr. Tyrrell was absent; his mother greatly disturbed.

"Something must have happened," I thought, losing in a moment the dull, insensible feeling that had been on me for hours, and trembling with undefinable hope. Ellen opened the door.

"Dr. Neville is starting," she said, "and says he will use all possible speed, but begs

you not to be disturbed. The roads are heavy, he says, and Mr. Tyrrell's horse has most likely broken down."

Mrs. Tyrrell sat down beside the window, and smoothed her ruffled manner.

"Yes, that is it, of course," she said; "I am very silly to be alarmed. Ah, there is Dr. Neville; he has taken Ralph's man with him. That's well. They may need him to see to the horse."

I got up and looked from the window into the courtyard, where Dr. Neville had just mounted and was gathering the reins ready to start. Mrs. Tyrrell tapped on the window. He nodded and smiled cheerfully; then catching sight of me, turned in his saddle and bowed low, with a look of sympathy and deference that perplexed me.

I turned away, and as I did so, saw my whole figure reflected from an opposite mirror. A pallor that was almost death-like was increased by the white dress I wore and the fleecy veil that fell around me. My eyes were dilated and unnatural looking, and even my lips had lost their color.

"He thinks I am distressed and terrified at his friend's absence, and pities my suspense," I said to myself, and could have almost laughed at the thought.

"Do not go, Mildred," exclaimed Mrs. Tyrrell. "Stay with me; Ralph will soon be here. Let us wait for him together."

I had reached the door, and now opened it, saying:

"I will return again in a moment."

I was so possessed with the idea of getting off the dress and veil and wreath before he could return, that no one could have detained me. I flew to my room, hurriedly threw aside everything bride-like that I wore, and put on the blue merino dress that I had worn the first night I came to Tyrrell Cliffe.

The exertion or my returning hope cheered me, for I found the deadly, colorless look had fled with the white I had thrown aside, and that I looked and felt myself, now those hateful things were gone. Unknowingly I had cast them all on the great bed in the alcove, and there I left them when I went to join Mrs. Tyrrell.

I found her at the window, still watching eagerly. When she turned and saw me in my altered dress, she became excited and declared vehemently that I had done wrong; that such petulance was an insult to her son, who was detained by the state of the roads after the storm, and that my not having courtesy enough to wait his coming in my proper dress was rude and inconsiderate in the extreme. Presently she grew quieter and took my hand, saying:

"Do not mind all I have said; it was the omen startled me. Why, why did you do it?"

An hour passed by. Another and another; and no trace of Mr. Tyrrell or his friend. I do not know why I became more hopeful as the time sped; but his mother seemed wretched. Starting at every sound, she still sat by the window watching, and had ceased to speak or even turn her head away for more than an hour. Her rich brocaded gown and costly laces were a strange contrast to her pallid, anxious face; but still she would not leave her post, and waved Ellen aside when she brought in her tray with luncheon.

"Not now," she said; "Mr. Tyrrell will be here shortly; we'll wait for him."

"Should I read to her," I asked.

She consented. But I had scarcely commenced, when she begged me to cease.

"I cannot get the sense, and the sound worries me," she said. "I am thinking of Ralph's annoyance at being detained. There is no ground—not the slightest shadow of ground—for alarm; but it is very provoking."

The turning of a leaf startled her; so I sat quiet at her side, and thought and wondered, while she watched.

At last I saw that she was unconscious of my presence, and took no account of anything but the open road that stretched away in the distance beyond the park gate; so I rose and stole away softly, relieved to be alone.

I went into the drawing-room and sat down where I had sat the day before, and looked at Dr. Neville's empty chair and thought of all he had told us of his life abroad. Then I remembered that he had ridden to Launceton after Mr. Tyrrell, and must be with him now. I went to the window. It was nearing on toward twilight. And then the thought struck me:

"Something really must have happened; it cannot be the roads."

I became restless and uneasy, and blamed myself for exulting in the hours that had passed since the one set for my marriage. Then I pitied his mother. Her anxious straining filled me with sorrow, yet I did not try to give her comfort or encouragement. I knew that she understood me too well to receive either from me.

I crossed the hall and went up into my own room. On the way I met Ellen, carrying a glass of wine on a tray.

"She will not drink it, Miss Tyrrell," she said, "and she is quite exhausted."

"Shall I come and sit with her?" I asked.

"I think not," she returned. "The sight of you would make her think all the more; she is so weary and unused to fatigue, that I trust to her falling asleep soon."

So I went up to my room alone.

I was in my little inner room before the fire in a great easy-chair. There was enough of the stupor left from the opiate to make me sink into a quiet, half-conscious state; and I was resting thus, when I heard feet on the stairs and in the hall, coming up slowly and heavily, with the shuffling motion of carrying a weight and keeping step with others. I must have listened to them a minute or two without realizing where and what the sound was, when I heard it coming straight to my door. I sprang to my feet and ran into the other room. Just as I reached it, the door opened and Dr. Neville entered, his back toward me. His arms were under the shoulders of a man whom he was helping to carry. Three others were assisting him, and they followed him with the steady tramp I had heard outside.

"Here, on the bed," he said; and they placed their burden there and stood back.

There was no light in the room but the last gleam of the fading twilight. I could recognize no one, and only knew Dr. Neville by his height and voice.

At that moment Mr. Tyrrell's man stood in the doorway with a lamp, whose sudden brilliance almost blinded me. Its light fell on the bed, and showed me the face that lay there.

Oh, God! what a face! Distorted eyes, livid skin, and writhing, foaming lips!

It was Ralph Tyrrell—with his dead wife's likeness!

For an instant I seemed to see her standing there, pointing at him, as he lay crushing my bridal dress—pointing at him with her scarred hand, and forming with her ghastly lips the one word:

"MABEL!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE HAND OF GOD.

One instant only I looked on the bed and its dreadful burden, when Dr. Neville saw me, and throwing his arm around me, almost carried me hurriedly from the room. Standing in the hall with the door closed behind us, he clasped my hands tightly in his as if he feared I should fall if unsupported, and said:

"An accident has happened to Mr. Tyrrell; he fell from his horse; I brought him thus suddenly upon you, thinking it was his chamber—it used to be when I was a boy—and meaning to save you from this dreadful alarm. Here is your maid; I must leave you. Remember, I am a physician, and that he shall have every care."

Saying this, he opened the door, went in, and closed it again.

"Miss Tyrrell, please come to Ellen's room and let me attend to you. Oh, let me bathe your head, and do lie down a little while; you have been so frightened, and look so wild."

Eunice said this, trembling herself from head to foot, and apparently most anxious to draw me away from the chamber, near which I was standing.

"Does his mother know what has happened?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Eunice; "Ellen is with her. Please come away, miss; do."

I followed her down the staircase, but paused at Ellen's door, for it seemed impossible to sit there quietly and leave his mother to suffer in this agony of suspense.

"I shall go down to Mrs. Tyrrell, Eunice," I said. "If you can be of any use in aiding Dr. Neville or his attendants, pray do; they may need you."

The bare idea seemed to fill her with horror.

"Oh, miss, I couldn't," she cried, shivering; "I couldn't go near him. Don't you know he has been taken at last? it was that which made him fall, down by Lynn brook, where they found him. The sight of the water brought it on."

Here she took to shuddering again, and stood before me as complete a picture of terror as I ever saw.

"Taken! Eunice, what do you mean? Taken with what?"

I asked this, sharing her fright, for the gloomy mystery that had hung over me like a cloud, and made Tyrrell Cliffe a place of dread to me, seemed solving itself in the glaring eyes and convulsed face I had left upon my bed. She sank into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, broke out in disjointed sentences:

"He looked for it himself—it followed him like a ghost, and drove him away from home to live in foreign parts. The howl of a dog made him wild, for it was always in his mind, and it came at last."

A dim meaning began to attach to her words, but I shrank from receiving it. Oh, it was too horrible! His mother, his wretched mother, of whom I could now remember nothing but her devotion to her son, could she know it?

I sprang up and hurried down stairs. At her door I paused a moment, shaken by convulsive sobs.

"I must be calm," I thought, "or I can give no aid to any one. Let me forget myself and everything but how to lessen this shock to her. She is so old, and loves him so."

I opened the door softly. There was a murmuring sound within. I looked toward Mrs. Tyrrell's bed. It was empty; but in the chair, where she had sat all day, she still sat upright. She was not alone. At her feet knelt Ellen, holding her hands in hers and praying in a low, fervent voice. I could not catch her words, but the tone filled the room with an awful solemnity, and made me stand spell-bound. There was but a small lamp on the table; Mrs. Tyrrell sat in the shadow, the light falling on her old servant's upturned face that besought heaven as earnestly as her low, thrilling voice did.

I drew a little nearer, and she saw me. Pointing to Mrs. Tyrrell, I asked:

"Does she know it?"

She answered me:

"She knew it. She knows nothing now."

I caught up the lamp, looked a moment, and dropped it again.

"Oh, my God! What is it? Paralysis?"

"It was a stroke from the hand of God," said the old woman solemnly.

She took my hands and drew me down beside her.

"Pray for her," she said. "I know that 'as the tree falleth, so shall it lie;' but prayer comes natural and can do no harm."

* * * * * * * *

Morning came, like morning dawning on a wreck at sea, to make everything look more wretchedly hopeless in the mockery of its cheerful light. We raised her from her chair, laid her on her bed, and smoothed the rich dress that looked so strangely on a corpse. Her face was quiet, and bore no trace of the blow by which she died. Ellen had closed the horror-stricken eyes, and the sharp, contracted lines about the mouth had faded into icy smoothness. I had shrunk from her at first; now I stood looking at her calmly, when I heard my name:

"Mildred."

It was Dr. Neville who spoke, standing close beside me, looking white and haggard in the daylight.

"Will you come into the drawing-room a little while?" he said.

I followed him, and as I crossed the hall I passed one or two of the servants, who were moving about with quiet stealth, and looked at me with awe-struck pity in their eyes.

Dr. Neville closed the door and brought a chair for me. I sat down, and saw in his troubled face and strangely disturbed manner, that he dreaded to speak to me.

"I will speak to him," I thought; "it is the truth, and happen what will, can do no harm."

I do not think I knew what he was going to tell me, but I knew the truth would make it easier to him. I said:

"Dr. Neville, forget the strange time I have chosen to tell you this, and think only of what I am going to say. I do not love, I never have loved Mr. Tyrrell. The prospect of marrying has so inured me to misery, that even the agony of this night seems nothing new to me."

He looked at me steadily for a little while, with more of earnestness than surprise, walked aside, came back again, and said:

"I half suspected this before. I had forgotten it."

He paused a moment, then added solemnly:

"The trial you dreaded, is spared you. You will never be Ralph Tyrrell's wife. Your guardian is dead."

As he said this, I burst into tears, not of grief for him; that was impossible; but whatever their source, they fell like rain—a resistless flood.

Dr. Neville turned away and left me to myself awhile. When I grew quieter, he said:

"I need not tell you that it was impossible to save him. A London surgeon, who happened to be in Launceton, accompanied me in bringing him home, and was with his mother when she died. He has but left the Cliffe. Nothing could be done. It was hopeless. Still your cousin suffered but little in dying."

I remembered his face as I had seen it last, and said "Thank God!" from my inmost soul.

We sat quiet a little while, and he rose, and said:

"Will you do as I advise you, Mildred?"

I thanked him in my heart for giving me my Christian name. It seemed to take away from the desolateness of my position, and I answered him "yes," with the old nature that my school-girl life had fostered—a desire to be directed and guided by some one.

"Wrap a warm shawl around you and walk for half an hour in the garden; then go to Ellen's room and lie down till you are called."

I promised and obeyed.

In Ellen's room Eunice was waiting for me with a cup of tea, which made me remember how long I had fasted.

"Dr. Neville said I was to tell you, Miss, that if you did not eat you would be ill," said Eunice, "and if you please, I have brought you your breakfast."

My throat was hot and dry, and to swallow at all was painful; but it was natural in me to be told what to do, and I think I grasped earnestly at his authority as a relief to my utter loneliness and friendlessness.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END.

I fell asleep and slept the livelong day. Toward evening I awoke and dressed myself. No one was in the room, but the candles were lighted and the curtains drawn. I tried to think calmly over all that had happened. It was impossible. One moment I saw the dreadfully distorted face of Ralph Tyrrell before me; the next brought the marble, immovable countenance of his mother. I heard the tramp of feet coming toward me constantly, and started every instant, thinking I heard my own name in tones of agony.

Suddenly I became conscious that I was ill, very ill; that my head was whirling and throbbing; that my body one moment burned like fire, the next shivered as if in an air draught.

I sat down and pressed my hands on my aching temples, and tried to remember what had been done for me in a fever I had had years before.

Ellen tapped at the door and came in.

"Ah, you are awake, Miss Tyrrell," she said. "You have had a nice long sleep."

I asked where was Dr. Neville.

"He is below," she replied, "and wishes to see you presently."

She paused a moment, and then said:

"Miss Tyrrell, if you are calm enough to hear me, I would be glad to speak with you before you see him."

I looked at her in surprise.

"I am perfectly calm," I returned. "What is it that you wish to say?"

She got up from the sofa where she was seated and walked slowly across the room once or twice, then sat down again and looked at me.

"When you found me in the hall at midnight by the arched window you were greatly disturbed by a terrible vision—an awful dream you had had. You have never been perfectly calm since; but listen to me now, and then try and forget it all. Such gloomy horrors can have no settled hold on an innocent young life like yours."

She said this, still looking at me intently; waited a minute or two, and then went on:

"Mr. Tyrrell married Dr. Neville's sister, many years ago, and Master Hector was sent to a foreign school and never saw her again. Of her death, otherwise than that it was a sudden one, he knows nothing. If you tell him your frightful dream, you will disturb the past, which is all peace to him now, and fill it with pain and terror. Whatever wrong there was in it, the hand of God has righted."

Her reverent eyes were raised, and her voice was quiet and solemn. She went on:

"Young Mrs. Tyrrell had a favorite hound, that followed her everywhere, and was her constant pet. One day it seemed strange and excited, and while she was soothing it, turned and bit her hand. The next day it was missed, and some of the servants said Mr. Tyrrell had drowned it. I do not know, but a few months afterward, while she was still a bride, she sprang up from the table where she sat at dinner, dashing the glass from which she was about to drink into shivers against the opposite wall, and fell to foaming at the mouth and struggling violently. They carried her to your chamber, which was hers then, and no one ever saw her alive again.

"SHE WAS MAD, AND THEY SMOTHERED HER!

"God knows which of them did it! '*Vengeance is mine, and I will repay!*' They are both dead, and '*what is man that he should stand in judgment!*'"

She repeated this more to herself than me, and continued in a hurried, excited manner:

"What you saw you know. It was a warning! His hand was scarred with a bite. How or when it came there, not even his mother ever knew, I believe. The story was never altogether known, but partly guessed at by the servants, from his horror of dogs and his killing them with such delight. At last they got to think the fear of madness haunted him and and drove him from place to place, for he was always wandering. His mother wished to tear all memory of what had been away from the old hall when you came, and so remodelled and arranged the alcove room for you. It had been closed and desolate so long that the household looked on it with dread. They gave you the bed where the bride died to sleep on, and she troubled your dreams. For it was or could be but a dream, you know, and Mr. Ralph was carried there by Dr. Neville's orders, and there he lies to-night! 'The Hand of God!'" said the old woman, with her upturned look.

I could not sit still. I rose and walked up and down in a wild, feverish state. She followed me.

"Sit down, Miss Tyrrell," she said, "and say that this shall be a secret still. It has been with me for years and years. I have gone on my way from day to day, knowing that an eye that never slumbered watched us all. You can speak and make Dr. Neville wretched, but you will not do that."

"Oh, no, Ellen," I will do as you say and never breathe it," I cried. "But he—Mr. Tyrrell I mean—did he have so terrible a death? Did he die mad?"

"Dr. Neville and the other physician talked together in the hall, and I heard them say it might be and it might not be. They found him lying by Lynn Brook in strong convulsions. He had all the spasms of the throat and the chokings, and sunk hour by hour till daylight, when he died. But God only knows; and who should know but He! Let us trust in Him."

She sank on her knees beside me, and her prayer was the last sound I recognized for weeks.

* * * * * * *

This is my story. The rest of my life has been so full of quiet happiness, that the past seems but a feverish dream.

It was the pleasant summer time when I grew strong again, and could walk about the desolate house of which I was mistress. Body and mind became well together. I had a devoted, tireless nurse, and kind physician. I was young and strong in constitution, so I rallied bravely. As soon as I could bear the journey, I left Tyrrell Cliffe for the seaside, with Ellen and Dr. Neville.

It does not seem part of the story I have told to say that I am his happy wife; but it is true, and Ellen—an honored member of our household—is the only tie I have to the past. If it were not for her I should be tempted to believe that the horrors of the alcove room were—as she would have me believe—a dreadful dream.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1871.

NEXT WEEK.

DENE HOLLOW.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We design commencing next week the new story by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," &c.—the advance sheets of which we have purchased from Mrs. Wood.

News Agents will please bear in mind this story, for which the popularity of the author of "East Lynne" will doubtless cause a large demand.

This will be an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST.

OUR BILLS.

We have been sending out a number of bills lately to our old subscribers—and we trust they will be duly honored. Our bills are not large, but in the aggregate they amount to a considerable sum, and a prompt remittance of the amount due would greatly oblige us.

The Income Tax.

As there seems to be very little doubt now that the Income Tax is clearly unconstitutional, the question has come up, not only as to the cessation of the tax, but whether the money collected so far should not be returned. If the tax is unconstitutional, the money has been wrongfully and unlawfully exacted, and in fairness should be returned to those from whom it has been illegally taken. By organizing a large joint society, putting the claims into the shape of stock, and employing agents to press this matter upon the consideration of Congress, the return of these taxes might be effected. The size of the claim, instead of being an obstacle in its way, is really an advantage—as it is worth contending for, and will enlist from the first such a large and varied interest in its support.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We often receive letters asking if the writers shall send articles for THE POST. Of course send them. And if we think them suitable for our columns, we will publish them. If not, not. But we do wish writers would remember that an editor's time is precious, and not put us to the trouble of writing needless letters. One thing more. Always keep copies of your articles, if you value them very much. You can always preserve the rough draft, and send the carefully written copy.

☞ A man in New York gave a woman his note for $5,000 to marry him. She did so, but he got possession of the document and refuses to pay. She has sued to recover, but it is doubtful if she can.

☞ The Evening Mail wants to know whether a lover can be called a "suitor" when "he don't suit her."

☞ The flying of kites having been pretty effectually broken up by the police, city boys find means of amusing themselves and evading the odious law by flying a singular bird, or imitation of an insect, with red wings, beak or proboscis, and pasteboard body. They fasten it by a string, and it makes a very good substitute for a kite, though it will not soar so high.

☞ The keeper of a saloon in Astoria, Long Island, admonishes delinquent debtors by posting their names and the amount of their debts over the sign of his saloon.

☞ In anticipation of a busy summer, druggists are already displaying vast munitions of "insect-destroyers" of various kinds, with appliances for administering them to the doomed insects.

☞ At Stewart's, the other day, a cash-boy came near having a convulsion on being greeted with, "Little boy, can you tell me whose store this is?"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The post routes of the late French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine have passed under the direction of the Post-Office Department of Berlin.

The world tires of the saddening iteration of the bloody news from France. Pitiful as was her situation when Paris surrendered to the Germans, it was nothing to the humiliation that covers her now.

The fruit crop is being "destroyed" again, as usual, before it is grown, by frosts and hailstorms and "unaccountable" blight. So say many of our exchanges. But as these reports invariably come with the blossoms and "fall off" with them, we do not feel at all alarmed about the future of the pears and peaches, but in their season will look for them in the market with a reasonable certainty of finding them in average abundance.

Our present relations with the Indians are better than they have been for many years. This is the result of a humane and honest policy toward them. Intelligent, capable and upright men now have the management of our Indian affairs.

The death of Schamyl, the famous Caucasian chief, is announced. He was warrior, prophet, and leader in one. He was a determined enemy of the Russians, and in his wars against the Czars gave great trouble to those rulers. He was of material service to the allies during the Crimean war by threatening strongholds of the Russians, thus distracting a portion of their forces which would otherwise have been engaged against the invaders. In 1859 he was captured by his old enemies and taken to St. Petersburg, where he remained until recently. His age was 73 years.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.—The author of this work writes us a note stating that it has been published in book form for nearly two years—and those who want to read it again had better apply to the nearest bookseller. We think the publisher would have acted wisely to advertise it in THE POST.

It is said that women engaged in the recent bloody battle of Neuilly, falling sword in hand with rougher but not more earnest combatants.

The month of April was remarkable in the vicinity of Philadelphia for its dryness and elevated average temperature.

Alexis, the third son of the CZAR of Russia, is about to visit this country. He will be welcomed everywhere.

Mr. Brasilla Brown, of this city, agent of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, was recently attacked by a vicious steer, and had a narrow escape from serious injury and perhaps death. The animal certainly could not have known its friends, or it would have attempted to gore somebody else.

Messrs. Bowles, Brothers & Co., bankers, of New York, London and Paris, keep daily couriers going between their London and Paris houses, who carry "open letters of a purely personal or business character" to and from the American residents of the beleaguered city. This is a great convenience to the American colony in Paris.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PSYCHOLOGY; OR, THE SCIENCE OF MIND. By O. S. MUNSELL, D. D.

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES. By M. J. SMEAD, Ph. D.

GABRIELLE ANDRE. An Historical Novel. By S. BARING GOULD, M. A.

LAWYERS AND CLIENTS. By WM. A. BUTLER.

The above works are all from the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. A book for young and old, forming a volume in the Illustrated Library of Wonders. For sale by Porter & Coates.

VALENTINE VOX. By HENRY COCKTON. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Bros. This book, the record of the adventures of a ventriloquist, is of course full of fun and variety.

Microscopic Wonders.

Lewenhoeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven million would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows on a meadow.

SPURGEON'S VIEW OF SUNDAY.—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon recently concluded an address in the following characteristic fashion:—On Sunday, you know, the commandment is, "You shall not be happy." It would be a great wrong if a preacher made you smile. I don't believe it. I make people laugh on Sunday. I believe that the risible faculty does as much good as the faculty which makes us cry. I don't think it wrong to make people laugh on Sunday. There are more flies caught by honey than vinegar.

TRAIN ON EGOTISM.—In a lecture in Chicago, the other evening, George Francis Train being asked to give a definition of egotism, replied:—"He liked himself better than he liked anybody in the world. Egotism is power. Power and cheek. Humanity is a dead failure. Those who are afraid of the world and its criticism call others egotists. There is a natural law which regulates man. Under this law all men reach their level. The big logs always get over the small ones in the mill-pond. In a wagon load of potatoes travelling over a rough road the small ones always go to the bottom."

☞ An ignorant man, unable to read or write, has lately died in Cincinnati, leaving an estate of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in steamboats and things. What a lesson this circumstance is to those who will fritter away their time learning to read and write, when they might be laying up steamboats for their heirs and assigns!

☞ Pennsylvania has the largest assessed valuation of real and personal estate of any state in the Union—$1,034,219 936.

☞ The Massachusetts Legislature is considering the questions of a ten-hour factory law, and half-time schools for children.

A Ghost Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY WILLIAM SNELLING.

Nat Longleg—or, as he was familiarly known among his rough companions, Nat Longlegs—a name so appropriate to his physical formation that it irresistibly provoked the beholder to laughter—was a reckless, good-natured giant, who subsisted chiefly by hunting, fishing and trapping in the wild parts of New Jersey, where he lived about twenty years ago.

Nat was a profound disbeliever in the existence of ghosts, and the doctrine of the rotundity of the earth. He would deny, with an emphasis, that all men weaker than himself were glad to accept as convincing, that the spirit of any sensible person would go stalking about at the most unseasonable hours, clad in uncomfortable winding-sheets, for no earthly purpose but to frighten little children and weak-minded men and women. If any were fools enough to believe that their spirits would act the part of supernatural lunatics it made no difference to him, he would say; but with such a sneer of contempt, that few cared to avail themselves of the liberty of thought implied in his words.

At the period to which our story relates Nat had been the hero in a ghost adventure that made him the laughing stock of all his associates. He asserted that its termination only served to convince him more strongly of the absurdity of all ghost stories, but with ill-concealed vexation at the merriment it caused. The story would never have become public had he not confided it to a near friend while the excitement of the adventure was fresh upon him.

Nat had been spending a social evening with a company of boon companions at a sort of grocery and beer shop, such as are still common in some parts of Jersey, and which serve as the resort on winter evenings of the miscellaneous characters to be found in a country neighborhood. In returning to the house which he for the time made his home he had to pass a dreary piece of road famous in all the country thereabouts as a rendezvous of ghosts.

The scene was one well calculated to inspire the ignorant and superstitious with ghostly fears, and possessed, in a very rare and happy combination, all those time-honored associations that go to make up the very *beau ideal* of a phantom haunted spot. A rough and unfrequented road wound across a wild gorge, in the centre of which gurgled a deep stream, spanned by a high and dilapidated wooden bridge. Near, and to the right of the bridge, stood the decaying remains of a once prosperous mill—the hundred wheels and cogs that had once thrilled the edifice with their industrious hum—pleasant sound to the ears of its contented proprietor—were now silent, broken. To the left, extending across the gorge, all overgrown with brambles and noxious weeds were the ruined evidences of a former mill-dam. Upon the opposite side of the valley, on the right of the road, stood the ruins of the house formerly occupied by the miller's family. A stranger inquiring the cause of the desolation that had fallen like a blight upon a scene once so fair would be answered that Mr. Grainger—the miller—his wife and three children had all been murdered in their beds one stormy winter night; and if he would take the trouble to walk over to the little graveyard, whose white tombstones could be seen from there gleaming amidst the dark pine forest to the right of that broad field back of the house he could see the five graves side by side.

Such was the scene, celebrated far and near as the favorite gathering place of the restless shades of the dead. Marvellous accounts of a little gibbering hag, not more than four feet in stature, having followed by the side of a wagon compelled to pass that way at night, and defying the utmost speed of the horses to distance it, urged by their frightened driver, and laughing mockingly at his horrified amazement as the whip with which he struck at her whistled harmlessly through her airy form—of headless bodies running along in the shadow of the wood, carrying their heads in one hand and clamping a chain in the other—of light and fantastic shapes, flitting sportively about the ruins on moonlight nights—of dark and bloody shapes seen about the silent ruins of the mill, lingering under the shadow of the great motionless wheel, or stalking stealthily through the deserted hall and up to a particular room in the old forsaken home, were related of this desolate spot.

As Nat strode lustily along on the night in question, the keen, frosty air and the pure serenity of the night, added to the large quantity of beer which he had imbibed, animated him with a more than usual hilariousness, and aroused all the lusty vigor of his herculean frame; so that when he approached the ghostly part of his road he felt the most pitying contempt for any poor, shivering phantoms that might be creeping around in the cold.

What recked he, the stout of limb and heart, of any miserable *shadows* of a man, when no *living* one, possessing all the tangible advantages of a vigorous, muscular body, had ever caused him the first tremor of fear!

He had reached the centre of the bridge in the gorge when the odd conceit of one of his thoughts so tickled his fancy, that he burst into a boisterous peal of laughter, awakening the slumbering echoes of the place and scaring the gray old owl from the dead limb of a lightning-blasted tree, where it perched and chaunted its doleful night song. So keen was his enjoyment of the perfect fearlessness with which he stood and contemplated a scene that he knew would have caused the hearts of almost any of his acquaintances to quake with fear, that he actually roared aloud, stamped upon and shook the rickety old bridge, and in his fierce hilarity hurled a stone that fell rattling among the ruins of the old mill.

But look! See! What is that strange white form that suddenly glides from under the dark shadow of the ruin and rapidly ascends the opposite side of the gorge, causing Nat to pause in his skeptical gloatification and gaze after it in amazement? Is it some contemplative phantom disturbed by his ill-timed mirth in its nocturnal musings? Is it the guilty spirit of the midnight murderer affrighted from its compulsory wanderings amidst the desolation it had wrought? Or is it the unhappy ghost of the miller himself thus rudely disturbed in his contemplation of the blighted scene of his former thrift? Nat did not pause to consider: his first sensation, we have said, was one of amazement. That anything should presume, by acting in such a ghost-like way, to cast suspicion on the soundness of his favorite theory, and that too when in the very midst of his jubilant demonstrations of contempt for the supernatural, aroused an angry surprise in the bosom of the skeptical giant. He looked upon it as a challenge cast into his very teeth—just as he would have received a defiance to argument from one of his superstitious associates.

Acting upon this feeling he started rapidly in pursuit of the fugitive ghost, eagerly bent upon exposing and punishing it for such a practical attack on his theory. Loudly threatening vengeance upon the unfortunate joker, as he chose to regard it, and at the same time lustily calling to it to stop, in a tone that by no means tended to induce it to, Nat pursued the flying object.

Up the opposite declivity, and across the field beyond, rushed pursuer and pursued; and if Nat had not been too ardent in the chase, or if he had been anybody else but Nat Longleg, it might perhaps have seemed to him a rather appalling and suspicious circumstance that the fleeing object was striking a direct course for the lonely graveyard. But being Nat Longleg, he thought no more of such a trifling circumstance than if it had taken any other course. But he was to be astonished, and that, too, in a most unlooked-for way.

They were by this time half-way across the field, which was so level and so perfectly clear from every description of shrub, plant, or hillock, that, although the moon was now obscured by passing clouds, Nat had no difficulty in distinguishing the fearful-looking object he was pursuing. Suddenly, as if by magic,—in the actual twinkling of an eye,—the ghostly fugitive utterly vanished from the face of the earth. To say that Nat was astonished would be the feeblest expression of his sensations that could be penned. He was so unutterably astounded and taken aback by such unlooked-for action on the part of the pursued, that there was not left one unmuddled thought in his bewildered mind; and so he continued running forward in a sort of terrified consciousness that something had transpired so absolutely antagonistic to all his pre-conceived notions of the fitness of things, that he was left with no mental resources wherewith to grasp it. The next moment he felt himself sinking into the bowels of the earth, and the next—accumulation of horrors—he felt himself borne forward with frightful velocity upon the back of some terrible monster.

Now these sudden and fearful events served to half arouse Nat from his state of mental bewilderment, especially as he remembered, in a faint sort of way, that he was as yet uninjured. He therefore grasped with desperate energy at the hairy coat of his fiendish steed, while yells of rage and fear burst from his whitened lips. This seemed only to accelerate the speed of the flying demon, and Nat's arms and legs were sadly bruised, as they were frequently brought into violent contact with the many sharp angles of their subterraneous route. But a strange feeling of dizziness is stealing over his senses, as he now observes, for the first time, that smoke is issuing from the nostrils of his fearful steed. Doubly terrified, he imagines that it is carrying him to the infernal regions; poor Nat's nerves relax, his head swims, and, with a stunning shock, he is cast bruised and insensible to the earth.

When consciousness returned to him the moon was shining brightly, the air was keen with frost, and everything was as silent and serene as midnight in the country is wont to be. As Nat rubbed his eyes in half-awakened consciousness, he espied his dreadful captor gazing at him with glaring eyeballs but a few feet from his side. With a groan of despair Nat sank back, rubbed his eyes anew, shook himself, raised himself to a sitting posture, and again ventured to glance toward the monster—and there, revealed in the clear moonlight, its tongue lolling from its foaming mouth, and shaking in every limb, stood a poor terror-stricken, half-grown white *steer*.

When Nat arose to his feet, he discovered that he and the calf were both in the bottom of a newly-dug cellar, which had been excavated by a recent purchaser of the property, with the intention of erecting a house thereon. The cold frosty air had turned the breath of the panting calf into the two streams of smoke he had seen; and its suppressed bellows of fright had sounded in his terrified ears as chuckles of demoniac laughter. When he realized all this, and the extremely ludicrous series of events that had befallen him—the calf's mysterious disappearance into the cellar—his tumbling upon the creature, and his terrified ride on its back, and his extreme terror and fainting fit,—Nat's rage and mortification were beyond the power of language to portray; and so we leave him.

A NOVELTY.—A movable funeral chapel is a novelty introduced by the managers of West Laurel Hill, which is intended to be spread for each interment, over the grave and its immediate vicinity. It covers an area sufficient to allow standing room for fifty to seventy-five persons, and here on dry ground they may remain sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, either sun, rain, or wind, during the most protracted religious service.

FAILURE.—It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must re-commence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

☞ The last version of the G. Washington story:—A youthful hen found an egg, and yielding to the vernal instinct, sat upon it until the process of incubation was complete. Her mother, who had laid the egg and had taken great pains in shaping and coloring it, came along, and seeing only the broken shell, burst into tears and said:—"Alas, my daughter, who has destroyed my favorite egg?" The feathered offspring quickly responded—"I cannot tell a lie, mother; I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatch it."

☞ Only a very few of the old-fashioned town-pumps are to be found in New York city now. They are eagerly patronised by the people in the vicinity where they still exist, and the water which flows from them is much better, and as cold as ice water.

☞ The English style of liveries, including buckskin breeches and top-boots, with a cockade in the side of the hat, is coming much into vogue with Americans who affect style. Four-horse English drags, provided with grooms thus arrayed, are often to be seen in the fashionable drives.

Hints to Parents.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

THE EYES.

Trouble with the eyes is becoming very common among our pupils in advanced classes. The normal eye is capable of an almost infinite variety of uses. It can see near and far with equal facility, but like any other organ, if used almost exclusively in one direction, it loses its range of ability. Hence, if kept too constantly on the printed page, the range of vision is impaired, and it may become near-sighted by much reading of fine print.

Even small children injure the eye by an unnecessary infinity of detail in their lessons, which requires too close and constant use of the eye. For instance, No. 5 Geography, for use in our schools, is excellent for reference when reading, but it is a waste of valuable eyesight for any child to hunt out and memorize so much, in the way of rivers, towns, etc., which will so soon be forgotten. H. W. Williams, M. D., in the January number of The Atlantic, says:—"One of the first rules laid down by a teacher to his pupils should be *not* to keep their eyes fixed upon their books. Apart from the probable injury to the eye itself, by too close application, I am satisfied that lessons, especially those requiring thought, cannot be as well committed to memory when the eyes are fixed upon the page, as if they are permitted to wander. The eyes must, of course, look at the book often and long enough to take in the idea, but if they are too steadily kept there, the perceptive power seems to occupy itself with the visible objects to an extent which is unfavorable to other mental processes. A distinguished engraver once said to me, 'I know not how to make a face think.' And he explained that the secret lay in giving a certain expression to the eyes by causing their axes to have a very slight divergence from each other. This corresponds with my observation, and this *position of thought* is exactly the opposite of that assumed by the eyes when looking at a book."

We have long known that the eye is often injured by looking at the sun, in case of an eclipse, without the aid of smoked glass, the perceptive power being impaired by excess of light and heat. It is also often injured by looking at small objects with too little light, as, for instance, reading fine print by moonlight. But we are yet to fully realize how often the eyes are injured by strong gas-light. It is often too intense, and has a flicker which is particularly trying without a shade. Those accustomed to gas or kerosene, find it difficult to see by candles or any light less brilliant. But those who have habitually used candles cannot only see well with less light, but their eyes last longer without the aid of glasses than those who have rejoiced in the flood of light which the gas-burner emits.

When the optic nerve has become supersensitive to light, a good candle is a great relief. Of course, it will not make the room bright as gas or kerosene, but will furnish light enough for reading, and the soft light will be much less trying to the eye.

Twilight is very grateful to the eye if we rest in it, but very trying if we read or sew in the transition stage from day to night, or night to day. The use of artificial light at early morning is very bad for the eyes, much more so than at evening. To go from sound sleep and deep darkness into the light of gas, especially for study or piano-practice, is very injurious.

Within a few weeks, several young ladies have consulted me in regard to their eyes, where they have been seriously and permanently injured by piano-practice at early morning in the gas-light. As the music cannot be changed to suit the exact focus of the eye, it is the more likely to become injured in this way, than in most other ways.

The study of any foreign language is much more trying to the eye than the reading of one's own. The words lack the familiar look, and hence they are not so easily recognized. The searching for words in the dictionary is particularly hard for the eye, and if the alphabet be dissimilar to ours it is still more trying. Hence, those who have weak eyes, and those who don't want to have them, should avoid piano-practice and lexicons by artificial light, especially at early morning. Those whose eyes are in any degree sensitive, will accomplish more in the week or month to study only by daylight, and during the evening avoid gas and give themselves up to plain knitting and cheerful conversation; for deep study, close thought even, if the eye is not used, tends to determine the blood to the head, and makes the eye worse if it be inflamed or painful. Embroidery, or even any kind of worsted work, is bad, as bright colors tax sensitive eyes very seriously.

Reading from a moving page is also trying to the eyes. Many persons who have travelled much, tell me they have permanently impaired their sight by reading on the cars. Young ladies who go out to walk with a book cheat themselves in two ways. The exercise they get is not good for anything, and the moving page and the brighter light than within doors, injures the eye. To make bodily exercise profitable the brain must rest from books, and send its nervous and circulatory force into the muscular system.

Double Latin is often taken to make up arrears, or to be ready for an advanced class, and by this course many eyes are impaired for life.

English Literature, in which almost all young ladies are greatly interested, is a strong temptation to over-study. There is so much that can be read, that they want to read, to be ready for the next recitation, that the hours for sleep are too often curtailed. The preparation of the class essay is a great stimulus, for as the predecessor furnished one that was excellent, the successor wants a better. Young ladies should remember that they cannot complete English literature at college, and they had better save their eyes so that they can continue it in years to come. It is comparatively little that they can do in this department in connection with so many other studies, without neglecting other duties and impairing their health. Indeed, they should regard their four years course as a period of incubation, expecting to come out, not with dim eyes and distracted nerves, but in the full possession of all their powers, so that they can keep growing intellectually, learning for years to come.

Those having weak eyes ought to room alone, that they may regulate the light to suit their comfort. Strong light in the room, even though the eye is kept shaded or closed, tires and gives pain when the optic nerve is sensitive. Such need to sleep all they can, and if they retire before their room-mates, they are often kept awake, and the presence of the light wearies even the closed eyes.—*The Herald of Health.*

☞ Postage stamps of the denomination of seven cents have been issued by the Government. They are designed especially to prepay letters to Germany, seven cents being the rate to that country.

☞ A woman in Newark, New Jersey, supports a husband and five children on half an acre of land by raising roots and flowers, and has purchased two houses with the surplus profits.

☞ Wyoming produces quantities of precious stones. The topaz, amethyst, agate, opal, jasper, chalcedony, garnet, and several others, abound there, of the very finest quality.

THE express train in England halts not to take in water, but between the tracks there is a trough, one-fourth of a mile in length, filled with water; and the engine drops a hose that catches up the water while the train flies.

☞ Horace Greeley says, in a recent letter:—"I am poor, but it is my own fault; because I indorse other folks' notes. One was brought to me to-day for $5,000, which I must find a way to pay within a few days. I have fooled away at least $150,000 trying to help others, and it has done no good. Now I guess my foot is down that I will not indorse another note."

☞ Indiana boasts of an ancient dwarf, who lives in Decatur county; is forty inches high, seventy-seven years old, weighs thirty-three pounds, and calls himself Peter Denham. He claims that twenty years ago he was five inches taller and weighed ten pounds more than now.

☞ "Spy mirrors" attached to the windows of houses are becoming quite common in fashionable neighborhoods in New York. They are suspended upon strong metal frames in such a way that a person can sit in the window out of view and see the callers and passers-by. The fashion originated in Holland, where they are so common that they are considered necessary adjuncts to every house, and are called "spiegelen."

☞ The ice-cream stands on the corners of down-town streets are doing a thriving business. The prices are very reasonable—one cent a glass, with the privilege of five "licks," but no spoons.

☞ Making people happy, says Mr. Beecher, is neither a small nor an unimportant business. As I regard good nature as one of the richest fruits of true Christianity, so I regard the making of people round about us happy as one of the best manifestations of that Christian disposition which we are commanded to wear as a garment.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—7000 bbls Penna and Western family sold at from $5.25@5.50 for superfine; $5.75@6 for extra; $6.50@7.25 for Northwest family; $6.50@7 for Penna family; $7@7.75 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8@8.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5.50@5.75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—21,000 bushels sold at $1.58@1.62 for Indiana red; $1.58@1.62 for Ohio red; $1.62@1.68 for Western amber, $1.45@1.55 for Penna red, and $1.75@1.80 ₩ bus for white. Rye—Sales of Penna and Western at $1.11@1.15 ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 70,000 bus at 71@72c for mixed, and 75@76c ₩ bus for yellow. Oats—sales of 80,000 bus at 62@65c ₩ bus. 5000 bus Canada Barley sold at $1.18 ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $19.50@20, and extra prime at $16.50. Mess Beef at $20@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams at $20@30 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 15@16c; Excelsior Hams at 17c; Sides at 11@12c, and shoulders at 9c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 12½@13½c; Sides 10c; and shoulders, in salt, at 7½c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 11½@12c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@15c; Pennsylvania store-packed at 20@24c, and roll at 22@30c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 15@16c ₩ doz. Cheese sells at 15@16c ₩ lb.

COTTON—Sales of 600 bales Middlings at 14¾ for Uplands, and 15¼@15½c for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $30 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $18@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX—400 lbs sold at 32½c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@5c for Apples, and 13@14c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $5@6.50 ₩ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at 5@10c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1.20@1.30; mixed do, $1.05@1.10; straw, $1.20@1.25.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 500 tons of No 1 Lehigh crane at $25 ₩ ton; 700 tons of No 2 at $23; and 1300 tons of Grey Forge at $21@22 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $24@25 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—100 bus sold, at 8@9c ₩ lb. Timothy is quoted at $5@6. Flaxseed at $2@2.10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2028 head. The prices realized from 4@9 cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 5@8c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $7 to $9 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, and it has been a faithful companion for the last fifteen years. It was the first Sewing Machine in this county, and to the present time it has done its work to perfection. We now have the Singer, Florence, and Wheeler & Wilson around us, but they are no comparison to our Grover & Baker."

Mrs. H. O. WILSON,
Slatington, Pa.

In the Spring and Summer Months the system should be thoroughly purged, and nothing is so acceptable to the stomach as HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS, after which use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. They invigorate the system, infusing new Life, Health, and Vigor, causing no griping pains, and can be taken by children with perfect safety.

The Three Dyspeptics.

Here is an extract from a letter received by Messrs. Drake & Co., Nov. 2, 1869:—"Three friends met one day in the latter part of last September in the rotunda of the Astor House. Your correspondent was one of the three. We were all suffering from the 'national disease'—indigestion; and all agreed on one point, viz: that nothing agreed with us. We discussed medicines. One had tried blue pills, another extract of dandelion, another almost every variety of purgatives. In fact, we had made apothecaries' shops of our insides; but nothing had done us any good. I said I wondered if your PLANTATION BITTERS would help us any. After some talk we concluded to try it, and meet again at the same place that day month, to compare notes. We did so. It was a jovial meeting, I can tell you. We scarcely knew one another. Each had gained flesh; each reported a good appetite, sound sleep, an easy stomach, and a regular habit of body. The change was marvellous. It was agreed to report the facts to you, and I was appointed to make this communication. You can publish it if you choose, and refer all skeptics for particulars to

"Yours truly, ALBERT W. SHAW,
"649 Downing St., New York."

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York

ap22-tf

Poisonous Medicines.

The theory that the virus of disease can be safely counteracted by doses of poison, is false and dangerous. Within the last twenty-five years, not less than a score of virulent poisons have been added to the repository of the medical profession. They are given in small doses, otherwise they would destroy life immediately; but even in minute quantities, they produce, ultimately, very disastrous effects. It is unwise and unphilosophical to employ, as remedies, powerful and insidious drugs, which, in subjugating one disease, sow the seeds of another still more unmanageable. None of these terrible medicaments operates with as much directness and certainty upon the causes of disease as HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, a tonic and corrective, *without a single deleterious ingredient in its composition.* Arsenic and quinia are given for intermittents; bromide of potassium for nervous disorders; strychnine and prussic acid for general debility; mercury, in various forms, for liver complaint; preparations of chloroform and opium for sleeplessness; and yet these deadly drugs do not compare, as specifics for the diseases above enumerated, with that wholesome vegetable invigorant and alterative, while they are all so pernicious that it is astonishing any physician should take the responsibility of prescribing them. Let invalids, for their own sakes, try the Bitters before they resort to the poisons. The relief they will experience from a course of the harmless specific, will render a recourse to the unsafe preparations referred to, quite unnecessary. may6-4t

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All Ladies Know that men do not like a rough-skinned woman, or one with freckles, tan, and pimples. Nature's remedy for these mortifying blemishes, as well as for Moth-patches and Ringmarks, is Hagan's Magnolia Balm. It gives to the complexion that smooth, transparent and marble purity which best paints refinement, excites admiration, and is woman's chief attraction. This is what the Balm will do, and so gradual and naturally, that its use cannot be detected. Then add a luxuriant head of hair, by using the best and most popular Hair Dressing and Restorer in the world—Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon—and your friends will hardly know you. These articles are sold by all Druggists. ap22-4t

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS* to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. ap22-3m

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.* nov26-6m

500,000 PEOPLE have used *DR. J. MILLER'S SOOTHING AND HEALING BALSAM*—the best family medicine in the world for internal and external complaints. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. J. MILLER & SONS, Proprietors, 212 Broadway, (Knox's Building) N. Y.

Please send for Circular. Established 1837. ap8-3m

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap8 3m

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. F. W. Dighton, W. F. SADDLER, Pepin Co., Wisconsin, to Mrs. ELIZA FAYERWEATHER, of Dunn Co., Wis.

On the 14th of April, by the Rev. Mich el Flan, Mr. WM. T. MITCHELL to Miss ANNIE MCKINNAN, both of this city.

On the 15th of April, by the Rev. B. Newton, DAVID C. TOWNSEND to MAY L. SHIPLEY, both of this city.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, WM. P. HAEMER to Miss MARY MAY COOLEY, both of Germantown.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. Dr. Dales, Mr. BENJAMIN DANIELS to Miss MAGGIE D. MURPHY, both of this city.

On the 20th of April, by the Rev. W. H. C. Wright, Mr. TITUS D. SUTER to Miss MARIA HARDING, both of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the Rev. Dr. Levy, EDWIN S. SHOWS to ALICE A. BEVAN, all of this city.

On the 18th of April, by the Rev. James R. Miller, Mr. JOHN CRAWFORD to Miss MAGGIE COOPER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of April, PHILIP YOUSE, in the 72d year of his age.

On the 18th of April, CHRISTIAN EHRLEN, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 19th of April, JOHN A. KING, in the 61st year of his age.

On the 20th of April, Mr. JESSE COLLINS, in the 48th year of his age.

On the 21st of April, JOHN CORNER, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 21st of April, ROBERT V. HELLER, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 18th of April, REBECCA F. JONES, in the 25th year of her age.

On the 20th of April, ANN DUNLAP, in the 90th year of her age.

On the 20th of April, Mrs. MARGARET WALKER, in the 75th year of her age.

On the 21st of April, MARY B. PEMBER, aged 18 years.

On the 21st of April, MINNIE ELLIOTT PIERSON, M. D., in the 27th year of her age.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE POST is devoted to Novelets, Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Wit and Humor, Agricultural Information, &c.

Among its contributions may be found novelets and stories from the gifted pens of Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Amanda M. Douglas, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Gustave Aimard, &c., &c.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the present year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW,

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

Wonderful Escapes.

No. 2.

Escape of De Chateaubrun from the Guillotine.

The scenes at present enacting in Paris necessarily remind one of the still more terrible scenes of eighty years ago, when the guillotine played so important a part.

The story of the singular escape of De Chateaubrun, is told in the Memoirs of M. De Vaublanc, as follows:—

"A nobleman, named M. de Chateaubrun, having been condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal, had been placed on the fatal tumbril and taken to the Place de la Revolution, to be put to death. After the 'Reign of Terror,' he was met by a friend, who gave a cry of surprise; and, scarcely able to believe the evidence of his senses, asked De Chateaubrun to explain the mystery of his appearance. The explanation was given, and I heard it from his friend.

"He was taken away with twenty other unhappy victims. 'After twelve or fifteen executions,' he said, 'one part of the horrible instrument broke, and a workman was sent for to mend it. M. de Chateaubrun was, with the other victims, near the scaffold, with his hands tied behind his back. The repairing took a long time. The day began to darken; the great crowd of spectators were far more intent on watching the repairing of the guillotine than on looking at the victims who were to die; and all, even the gendarmes themselves, had their eyes fixed on the scaffold. Resigned, but very weak, the condemned man leant, without meaning it, on those behind him; and they, pressed by the weight of his body, mechanically made way for him, till gradually, and by no effort of his own, he came to the last ranks of the crowd. The instrument once repaired, the executions began again, and they hurried to the end. A dark night concealed both executioners and spectators. Led on by the crowd, De Chateaubrun was at first amazed at his situation, but soon conceived the hope of escaping. He went to the Champs Elysees, and there, addressing a workman, told him laughingly, that some joking comrades had tied his hands behind him and run off with his hat. He begged the man to cut the cords, and the workman did so, laughing all the while at the joke. Chateaubrun then proposed to treat at a neighboring wineshop. Afterwards he got the workman to carry a note to one of his friends, whom he knew would send him a hat. The workman did so, and soon returned accompanied by Chateaubrun's friend, who furnished him with hat, money, and all he required.'"

What Charlie Griffiths Paid for His Company.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Charlie Griffiths was engaged to Laura Benson. There was no doubt about it. Mrs. Blessington Smithson had been spreading the news everywhere; and as a friend of the Bensons, and a lady of most unimpeachable veracity, there could not be a better authority. Had there been any incredulous enough to disbelieve in her, the appearance of the young lady herself leaning on Charlie's arm, that same afternoon, as he escorted her up and down the Parade, would have set the doubt at rest. Charlie's face flushed with triumph, and his eyes fell proudly on the handsome-looking girl he had won, as he thus proclaimed his victory; a conquest that Laura endorsed with a timid pressure on his arm, that made every nerve in his body tingle, and sent the hot blood surging into his cheeks, till he looked more red and conscious than ever. Nor was his triumph to be wondered at.

Charlie Griffiths was a handsome young fellow, holding a lieutenant's commission in the marching regiment just then quartered in the town; careless, good-tempered, and poor, as most of his brother-officers were; with no particular aim in life but to enjoy himself, and keep up the reputation in his regiment of being a capital companion and a "deuced good fellow." Only one obstacle stood in his way—the want of money. He saw men about him whose society delighted him, and who were always glad of his in return, yet this fatal want was ever between them. He sat at the mess-table and saw others entertaining their friends, while he had to think twice ere he repaid the hospitality that everywhere was pressed upon him. He saw some turning out twice or more in the week to follow the hounds, coming back, their faces flushed with health, and their tongues full of the pleasures of the day; while he was perforce restricted to cheaper amusements. Worse than all, he saw himself nearly at the top of his rank without a chance of ever gaining the coveted promotion—with every probability of his juniors, one after another, passing over his head, and the certainty of many dull years of subaltern's duty yet to be encountered, all because he lacked the few hundred pounds necessary to enable him "to return his name for purchase."

All this was now, however, but as an unpleasant dream. Laura Benson was an heiress, the owner of a certain number of thousands in her own right—absolute mistress of them, and of herself—a tall, good-looking young lady, some year or so out of her "teens;" her somewhat decided features helped out by a really fine figure, and a considerable amount of taste in dress, which well-to-do young ladies are seldom disinclined to indulge in; a girl that few men could pass without asking her name, and few women without envy. Altogether it was admitted to be a most excellent match for Charlie; though how Laura could ever take a man like Mr. Griffiths, without a penny to his name, really passed Mrs. Blessington Smithson's comprehension, as well as that of most of her acquaintance—a fact that said very little either for Laura's choice or for their comprehensions.

THE WORKMAN CUTTING CHATEAUBRUN'S BONDS.

"Who is that?" asked Laura, after they had promenaded about for some little time, in allusion to a tall soldier-like man who was passing.

"That's Clements, dear, a captain in the regiment, and my great chum. I thought of asking him to be best-man. I'll stop him next time, and introduce you."

"Yes, do, Charlie; I like his face so much. I am so glad he is a friend of yours, for then I ought to like him, and I'm sure I shall."

So, when Captain Clements strolled up again, Charlie presented Laura to him, and they walked on together.

"Charlie tells me you are a great friend of his, Captain Clements," said Laura, after the usual congratulations; "I hope you won't be jealous of me for taking him away from you all."

"O dear no, Miss Benson," laughed the captain. "I dare say I shall get on without him, particularly when I leave him in such good hands."

"But you must not leave him; you must be our friend now, instead of his only. I am not going to have Charlie cut all his old friends, because he is married to me." Which little speech showed, I think, that Laura had a will of her own, and intended to keep it too.

Of course, Clements professed his willingness to accept Laura's offer, and then the conversation glided into ordinary channels.

That evening at mess, Charlie had to stand upon the defensive against a whole volley of chaff from the junior ensign, who tried to be jocular, in a mild way, by asking Griffiths to pass the wine, "if he wasn't too much engaged," to the senior captain, a grumpy old bachelor, who took the opportunity of declaring that the "service is going to the dogs, sir! Men leaving their mess to be henpecked by a wife, sir! Married men are an encumbrance, sir; the whole thing's a mistake, and the sooner you do away with them the better, sir!"

But Charlie was good-tempered, and could afford to laugh at them all.

When Charlie got into his own room, and the first flush of his good-luck was wearing out, it was astonishing how pale his triumph began to look. He had drawn his great easy-chair opposite the fire, and gave himself up to a little mental summary of all which that "good-luck" had brought him.

First, came Laura; well, perhaps, not quite first either. I think, if Charlie would have admitted it—which I don't believe he would—that somehow or another those odd thousands, and the advantages they entailed, started up so clearly before him, that for the first few minutes, as he sat over his fire, his thoughts kept circling round them, burying him in a sort of golden dream, which made Laura's image appear rather distant and indistinct.

Nor was such a state of affairs altogether unnatural. Charlie had known her but a short time, scarcely a month at all intimately; it was little more since he had received his first invitation to dine at her uncle's, with whom she lived, and but half that time had passed since the wild thought of ever calling her his own had startled him by its improbability.

The love-making between them had not been of the romantic or gushing style that usually accompanies first affection. Charlie was much too hardened by constant intercourse with other men, to give way to "sentiment;" and Laura, truth to say, had made more than one attempt in the present direction, though circumstances had hitherto proved contrary to their arriving at a climax, and so hardly brought with her that total innocence of love so essential to its romantic development.

"Not that Laura isn't a dear pet," thought Charlie, "and I'm sure we shall be awfully jolly. She'll have plenty to keep herself on, and still have enough to help out with the housekeeping. She'll have her maid; and can keep her pony-trap just as she does now; and the more she goes out the better pleased I shall be. Besides, fellows of my age don't go falling in love with every pretty face, like schoolboys: when a man gets up a bit in life he takes these things easy, and does his spooning quietly."

But for all his arguments, there was still something within him that wasn't quite convinced, but kept prompting him to make more excuses, and more protestations of affection, till he got quite angry with himself; and the fire having burned out meanwhile, he was fain to turn into bed and determine to forget all about it for that night at least.

For the next week, Charlie and his stroke of luck remained the common topic of the ante-room. Whatever might be our hero's misgivings on the point, there certainly were none on the part of his brother-officers.

"Uncommon lucky fellow," drawled Scudamore; "fancy picking up a girl with all that tin!"

"Rather a sell for you Jenkins," suggested another, to a pimply-faced youth, who was sucking away at a big cigar, as if all his future hopes depended on its incandescence.

While the mess were talking matters over, Laura and Charlie were building their own castles in the air, on a slight bit of turf slanting down to the sea under the cliffs.

It was as lonely a place as lovers could wish for, shut out from the world by two giant headlands, that flung themselves across the shingle in grand defiance to their old enemy the sea, rippling lazily at their feet; with wind-worn cliffs behind, and the blue sky above—a fitting trysting-place for lovers.

Charlie sat with his arm round Laura's waist, gazing out seawards; his hat had fallen off, and the breeze lifted the dark curls from his forehead, and fanned his ruddy cheeks, bringing with it whispers of other days and other climes, when he sat as now, with another by his side, and other thoughts in his heart.

Long, long ago, and faint, very faint, were the wind-whispers, but for all that Charlie sat silent, listening to them, and living those long-past days again.

"Charlie, dear," said Laura, who was building her own peculiar castles, and did not intend throwing them down just then, "is anything the matter, that you are so silent!"

"Oh, nothing, Laura, nothing's the matter; of course not," answered Charlie abstractedly; "I was only thinking."

"And won't you tell me what you are thinking about, Charlie—I like so much to know your thoughts?"

"Why, there's nothing to tell, dearest. If I was thinking at all, it was about you; and how much I shall really have to think about when you are my wife; and Charlie with an effort shut his ears to the past, and began the old, old game again, much to Laura's satisfaction.

"What an infernal hypocrite I am!" said Charlie to himself as they were strolling home.

"I wish he were not so silent," thought Laura beside him; "when I first knew him, he could chatter away fast enough."

"What a charming couple!" remarked Mrs. Blessington Smithson to her friends as they passed them in High street—"so affectionate; quite a treat to see it in these days;" and the poor little woman simpered, and thought of the sour elderly man who was enjoying his afternoon "rubber" at the club, in preference to the company of the woman the world called his wife. And it was hard to say who was right and who wrong in the matter.

That evening Charlie outdid himself.—Laura, whose faith in him had been ever so little shaken in the afternoon, gave back all her wavering allegiance to her lord and love. The spirits she had complained of as having disappeared since their engagement, seemed to have returned with double force. Charlie's laugh was infectious. Laura, her uncle, with whom he was passing the evening, and the few friends invited to make up the party, joined in it till their sides ached. He trolled the last new song out with his mellow voice till the old house echoed again, and the servants gathered in a cluster outside the door to hear the young master. At length, when cloaks and wraps were called for, and the visitors had departed—in the dim light of the hall, with Laura's ancestors frowning on them from the walls, who more light-hearted than Charlie as he pressed the long parting kiss on her lips, and dashed out cheerily into the black night! And so the days to the wedding ran out—one day up in the skies with hope and happiness, the next down to the depths.

Charlie's mind was like a see-saw; urged on by the glittering bait, he stifled the better thoughts that at times asserted themselves, and would not be denied. His training in the army had made him worldly, perhaps selfish. In a profession where every one above another is an obstacle to advancement, it would be strange were it otherwise; the constant rubbing against others in the same boat, naturally makes men's minds run in certain grooves, very easy to glide into, very hard to escape from, and Charlie was not one of those strong enough to act differently from his fellows.

In spite of all his misgivings, in spite of an inward feeling that it was not altogether love that was prompting him on, he never, in his calmest moments, could bring himself to confess that he was impelled by any other motive. He had grown accustomed to hear his brother-officers speak of the luck fellows had in "marrying a girl with money," and had often himself, long before he knew Laura, talked about his intention to do likewise, and "go in for money." Since seventeen such was the school he had been brought up in; was it wonderful that he proved an apt pupil?

And so it came about that the settlements were drawn up; the money for Charlie's company and majority was paid into the agent's hands; the bridesmaids were chosen; the trousseau was bought; presents were made and exhibited; the cake, after its week's duty in the pastry-cook's window, was sent home—much to the grief of the little street boys, who had daily feasted their imaginations upon its rich structure—and finally the words were spoken which made Laura and our hero one flesh, "for better or worse, till death do them part!" Charlie made a small joke to his wife as they rode back from the church, on those somewhat old-fashioned words about "love, honor and obeying; but Laura was excited, and anxious about her white satin, and so the joke fell rather flat; and both it and the words were laid aside and forgotten, as was but proper, in the breakfast, and the triumphant cutting of the cake, which wound up the proceedings.

The world prospered with the Griffiths. They had taken a pretty little house overlooking the sea, and not too far from barracks; and Charlie in an arm-chair at the window, with his wife beside him reading aloud the latest novel, was not slow to find out that such was no bad exchange for the growls of discontented old captains and endless pipes in the ante-room. Added to this, the coveted promotion had fallen upon him during the honeymoon, even before he had expected it, and so he was relieved from the drudgery of duties formerly very irksome to him.

He had had a long talk with Laura on money matters, ending in her agreeing to pay four hundred pounds a year towards the housekeeping, which, as Charlie reckoned, would be enough, with his pay, to keep things going. The rest of Laura's fortune was to remain at her own disposal; and she had already given Charlie a check for the first quarter's instalment, so that he had the somewhat unwonted pleasure of having a balance at his agent's.

Clements and others of Charlie's bachelor friends were constant visitors at the house. "Griff's" dinners were already noted as little, but good; and Laura's pleasant, chatty manner, and the free-and-easy way in which Charlie managed everything, made invitations to them eagerly sought after.

Charlie, on his side, most religiously dined at "mess" on Fridays, the regimental "guest-night," thus securing to himself a meed of praise from the bachelors, and no small amount of envy from the other married officers, who were too poor to indulge in the luxury.

Parading up and down the beach with his wife, or watching the glances of admiration she elicited from afternoon callers, was very pleasing to Charlie; and helping to choose pretty dresses or ornaments with which to adorn her, and for which he was not called upon to pay, was almost, if not quite, as good as spending money on himself.

So, all things considered, the world may be said to have prospered with the Griffiths.

"Charlie," said his wife one day, some few weeks after their return, "here is an invitation from Mrs. Blessington Smithson. Shall we accept?"

"What is it—a dance?" yawned Charlie.

"No. An afternoon affair; music, I suppose."

"They're awfully slow; all the old women in the place go, and squall like cats," blurted out Charlie. "I vote we don't go."

"Do you?" said Laura rather dejectedly. "We need not stay long: and there's my green silk, which you admire so much, would look so well there."

"Oh, all right, Laura; I don't mind. Let's go, if you wish it; I only said it would be awfully slow. I suppose one may as well be there as anywhere else."

"Why, every one will be there. Captain Clements got an invitation yesterday, and says it will be a very good party indeed."

"Very well, dear; as you like. Just write the note, and we'll take it round ourselves;" and Charlie lit his cigar, and went out into the verandah to smoke, till Laura was ready to accompany him.

"I do wish Charlie liked going out more," thought Laura as she ran up to dress, after the note was written, "I know it bores him dreadfully, poor boy; and he's so good, he always will go." And then the choice of a dress for the afternoon's promenade being imminent, she dropped the subject, and gave herself up to her maid and the cheval glass.

A few nights afterwards, Glanders and two or three more friends of Charlie were dining at his house. The ladies had left the room, and Charlie was sitting at the head of his table, cracking nuts, and generally enjoying himself.

"Yes," he was saying in answer to a remark of Glanders, "I don't think I've made a bad exchange. I am uncommonly comfortable; and, after all, a fellow does not lose much by marrying, if he can get up to mess, like I do, pretty often, and knock about a bit."

"Well, Griff," laughed Scudamore, it would be hard if you did not find it jolly. "It's not three months since you were spliced."

"Three months and six days," replied Charlie.

"Beginning to count the days already, eh? That's a bad sign. Wait till you've been at it three years, and then give us your experiences."

"I'll bet you I like it just as well," said Charlie. "I say a fellow's never really happy till he is married; that's my experience."

"It's all very well for you to talk," growled Glanders; "but look at Jones, poor wretched fellow, married a girl without a penny; got three children, with a prospect of doubling them, and hardly a sixpence to feed them with. Call that married bliss!"

"Poor Jones, he is awfully hard up, to be sure," replied Charlie; "it must be up-hill work there. Thank goodness, I kept my eyes open better than he did;" and coffee coming in, the further recital of poor Jones's miseries was broken off."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LESSON OF THE GRASS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

"Oh green, and fresh, and ever cheerful grass,
That lines the path I pass—
Less cheerful I, alas—
Why should you look so bright?"
One to me said, who, looking through a glass,
Saw not the world aright.

"The place the God of nature gave, I fill,
According to His will,—
Beside this babbling rill,
Where you so often sigh,
In valley low, or on the rounded hill—"
I slowly made reply.

"I creep along the winding river's bank,
The steep and dangerous bank,
Where never flocks have drank,—
Yet, I, in safety go;
Down the rough cliff and on the margin dank,
All silently I grow.

"And on the highest peak, where man ne'er trod,
From out the icy sod,
Where dwarf shrubs o'er me nod,
I shoot my hearty spears,—
On trackless wastes, forever known to God,
At times my leaf appears.

"Yet when His stern and biting frosts are sent,
I wither in content—
My glory being spent—
For summer sun and dew,
Warm winds and floods, all in their season sent,
That glory will renew.

"And yet, behold! a higher life than mine,
Oh weary one, is thine,—
Why should you so repine
At fortune's brooding face—
Formed in the image of the One Divine,
And favored by His grace?"

I know not how my silent speech he knew,
But to the distant blue
His eyes from me he drew—
Sustained his earnest look;
"I will, undaunted, still the right pursue;"
Then left the rippling brook.

COMING HOME TO DIE.

(A Sequel to "The Mystery of Jessy Page.")

BY J. LUDLOW.

It was Christmas Eve again. We had been decorating the church. I could not help thinking of the other Christmas Eve; and of pretty Jessy who had helped—and of Miss Susan's blowing her up for coming in her best blue mantle—and of the sudden looming in upon us of the stranger, Marcus Allen. Perhaps the rest were thinking about it as I was. One thing was certain—that there was no liveliness in this year's dressing; we were all as silent and dull as ditch-water. Charley Page, who had made enough noise last year, was away this; gone to spend the Christmas with some people in Gloucestershire.

It was one of the lightest nights ever seen: the air clear, the moon bright, the ground white with snow. Going round the north and unfrequented side of the church, where the grass on the graves was long, I saw something stirring against the church wall. Something dark: that seemed to have been looking in at the window, and now crouched down with a sudden movement in the corner made by the buttress, as if afraid of being seen.

"Is that you, Leek?"

There was no answer: no movement: nothing but a dark heap lying low. I thought it might be a fox; and crossed over to look.

Well—I had had surprises in my life, but never one that so struck upon me as this. Foxes don't wear women's clothes; this thing did. I pulled aside the dark, covering cloak, and a face stood out white and cold in the moonlight—the face of Jessy Page.

You may fancy it is a slice of romance this; made up for effect out of my imagination: but it is the real truth, as everybody about the place can testify to, and its strangeness is talked of still. But there are stranger coincidences in life than this. On the Christmas Eve, a year before, Jessy Page had been helping to dress the church, in her fine blue mantle, in her beauty, in her light-hearted happiness: on this Christmas Eve when we were dressing it again, she re-appeared. But how changed! Wan, white, faint, thin! I am not sure that I should have known her but for her voice. Shrinking, as it struck me, with shame and fear, she put up her trembling hands in supplication.

"Don't betray me!—don't call out!" she implored in weak, feverish, anxious tones. "Go away and leave me. Let me lie here unsuspected until they have all gone away."

What ought I to do? I was just as bewildered as it's possible for a fellow to be. It's no exaggeration to say that I thought her dying: and it would never do to leave her there to die.

The stillness was broken by a commotion. While she lay with her thin hands raised, and I was gazing down on her poor face, wondering what to say, and how to act, Miss Susan came flying round the corner after me.

"Johnny Ludlow! Mr. Johnny! Don't go. There's no need. We have found the string under the unused holly. Why!—what's that?"

No chance of concealment for Jessy now. Susan Page made for the buttress, and saw the white face lying in the moonlight.

"It's Jessy," I whispered.

With a shriek that might have scared away all the ghosts in the churchyard, Susan Page called out for Abigail. They heard it through the window, and came rushing out, thinking Susan must have fallen at least into the fangs of a winter wolf. Miss Susan's voice shook as she spoke: spoke in a whisper.

"Here's Jessy—come back at last!"

Disbelieving Abigail Page went down on her knees in the snow to trace the features, and convince herself. Yes, it was Jessy. She had fainted now, and lay motionless. Leek came up then, and stood staring.

Where had she come from?—how had she got there? It was just as though she had

dropped from the moon. And what was to be done with her?

"She must—come home," said Abigail.

But she spoke hesitatingly, as though some impediments might lie in the way: and she looked round in a dreamy way on the open country, all so white and dreary in the moonlight.

"Yes, there's no other place—of course it must be the farm," she added. "Perhaps you can bring her between you. But I'll go on and speak to my father first."

It might have been easy for one to carry her, she was so thin and light. John Drench lifted her and they all went off: leaving me and Leek to finish up in the church, and put out the guttering candles.

William Page was sitting in his favorite place, the wide chimney-corner of the kitchen, quietly smoking his pipe, when his daughter broke in upon him with the strange news. Just in the same way that, a year before, she had broken in upon him with that other news—that a gentleman had arrived, uninvited, on a visit to the farm. This news was more startling than that.

"Are they bringing her home?—how long will they be?" cried the old man, with feverish eagerness, as he let fall his pipe, and broke it. "Abigail, will they be long?"

"Father, I want to say something: I came on to say it," returned Miss Page—and she was trembling too. "I don't like her face: it is wan, and thin, and full of suffering: but there's a look in that—that seems to tell of shame."

"To tell of what?" he asked, not catching the word.

"May Heaven forgive me if I misjudge her! The fear crossed me, as I saw her lying there, that her life may not have been innocent since she left us: why else should she come back in this most strange way? Must we take her in all the same, father?"

"Take her in!" he repeated, in amazement. "Yes. What are you thinking of child, to ask it?"

"It's the home of me and Susan, father: it has been always an honest one in the sight of the neighbors. Maybe, they'll be hard upon us for receiving her into it."

He stared like one who does not understand, and then made a movement with his hands, as if warding off her words and the neighbors' hardness together.

"Let her come, Abigail! Let her come, poor stray lamb. Christ wouldn't turn away a little one that had strayed from the fold: should her own father do it?"

And when they brought her in, and put her in any easy chair by the sitting-room fire, stirring it into a hot blaze, and gave her hot tea and brandy in it, William Page sat down by her side, and shed fast tears over her, as he fondly stroked her hand.

II.

Gay and green looked the church on Christmas morning, the sun shining in upon us as brightly as it did a year before. The news of Jessy Page's return and the curious manner of it, had spread about; causing the congregation to turn their eyes in natural instinct on the Pages' pew. Perhaps not one but recalled the last Christmas—and the gallant stranger who had sat in it and found the places for Jessy. Only Mr. Page was there to-day. He came slowly in with his thick stick—for he walked badly since his illness, and dragged one leg behind the other. Before the thanksgiving prayer, the parson opened a paper and read out a notice. Such things were uncommon in our church, and it caused a stir.

"William Page desires to return thanks to Almighty God for a great mercy vouchsafed to him."

We walked to the Copse farm with him after service. Considering that he had been returning thanks, he seemed dreadfully subdued. He didn't know how it was yet; where she had been, or why she had come home in the manner she did, he told the Squire: but, anyway, she had come. Come to die, in might be, but *come home;* and that was enough.

Miss Susan Page was burning with impatience to know the ins and the outs of the strange affair. Naturally so. It had brought more scandal and gossip on the Copse farm than even the running away of the year before. That was bad enough: this was worse. Altogether Jessy was the home's heartsore. Mr. Page spoke of her as a lamb, a wanderer returned to the fold, and Susan heard it with compressed lips: in her private opinion, she had more justly been called an ungrateful girl.

"Now then, Jessy; you must let us know a little about yourself," began Susan, on this same Sunday afternoon when she was with her alone, and Jessy lay apparently stronger, refreshed with the dinner and the long rest. Abigail had gone with Mr. Page to church. Susan could not remember that they had ever gone to church before on Christmas Day after the morning service: but there was no festive gathering to keep them at home to-day. Unconsciously perhaps, Susan resented the fact.

"Where have you been all this while in London?"

Jessy suddenly lifted her arm to shade her eyes; and remained silent.

"It *is* in London, I conclude, that you have been? Come; answer me."

"Yes," said Jessy, faintly.

"And *where* have you been? In what part of it?—who with?"

"Don't ask me," was the low reply, given with a sob of pain.

"Not ask you! But we must ask you. And you must answer. Where have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"I—can't tell," sobbed poor Jessy, catching up her breath. "The story is too long."

"Story too long!" echoed Susan quickly. "You might say in half a dozen words—and leave close explanations till to-morrow. Did you get a place up in town?"

"Yes, I got a place."

"A lady's maid place!—as you said."

Jessy turned her face to the wall, and never spoke.

"Now, this won't do," cried Miss Susan, not choosing to be baffled: and no doubt Jessy, hearing the determined tone, felt something like a reed in her hands. "Just you tell me a little."

"I am very ill, Susan; I can't talk much," was the pleading excuse. "If you'd only let me be quiet."

"It will no more hurt you to say in a few words where you have been than to make excuses that you can't say," persisted Miss Susan, giving a flick to the skirt of her new puce silk gown. "Your conduct altogether has been most extraordinary, quite baffling to us at home, and I must hear some explanation of it."

"The place I went to was too hard for me," said Jessy after a pause, speaking out of the pillow.

"Too hard!"

"Yes: too hard. My heart was breaking with its hardness, and I couldn't stop in it. Oh, be merciful to me, Susan! don't ask more."

Susan Page thought that when mysterious answers like these were creeping out, there was all the greater need that she should ask more.

"Who got you the place at first, Jessy?"

Not a word. Susan asked again.

"I—got it through an advertisement," said Jessy at length.

Advertisements in those days, down in our rural district, were looked upon as wonderful things, and Miss Susan opened her eyes in surprise. A faint idea pervaded her that Jessy could not be telling the truth.

"In that letter that you wrote to us; the only one you did write; you asserted that you liked the place."

"Yes. That was at first. But after—oh, after it got cruelly hard."

"Why did you not change it for another?"

Jessy made no answer. Susan heard the sobs in her throat.

"Now, Jessy, don't be silly. I ask why you did not get another place, if you were unable to stay in that one?"

"I couldn't have got another, Susan. I would never have got another."

"Why not?" persisted Susan.

"I—I—don't you see how weak I am?" she asked with some energy, showing her face for a moment to Susan.

And its wan pain, its depth of anguish, disarmed Susan. Jessy looked like a once fair blossom on which a blight had passed.

"Well, Jessy, we will leave these matters until later. But there's one thing you must answer. What induced you to take this disreputable mode of coming back?"

A dead silence.

"Could you not have written to say you were coming, as any sensible person would, and been properly met and received? Instead of appearing like a vagabond, to be picked up by anybody."

"I never meant to come home here."

"But why?" asked Susan.

"Oh, because—because of my ingratitude in running away—and never writing—and—and all that."

"That is, you were ashamed to come and face us."

"Yes, I was ashamed," said Jessy, shivering.

"And no wonder. Why did you go?"

Jessy gave a despairing sigh. Leaving that question in abeyance, Susan returned to the former one.

"If you did not mean to come home, what brought you down here at all?"

"It didn't matter where I went. And my heart was yearning for a look at the old place—and so I came."

"And if we had not found you under the church wall—where should you have gone, pray?"

"Crawled under some haystack, and let the cold and hunger kill me."

"Don't be a simpleton," reproved Susan.

"I wish it had been so," returned Jessy.

"I'd rather be dying there in quiet. Oh, Susan, I am ill; I am indeed! Let me lie at peace!"

The appeal shut up Susan Page. She did not want to be too hard.

Mr. Duffham came in after church. Abigail had told him that she did not like Jessy's looks; nor yet her cough. He went up alone, and was at the bed side before Jessy was aware. She put up her hand to hide her face, but not in time: Duffham had seen it. Doctors don't get shocks in a general way: they are too familiar with appearances that frighten others: but he started a little. If ever he saw coming death in a face, he thought he saw it in that of Jessy Page.

He drew away the shading hand, and looked at her. Duffham was pompous on the whole and thought a good deal of his gold-headed cane, but he was a tender man with the sad and sick.

"My dear," said Duffham, "I must have you tell me a little of the past. Don't be afraid: it shall go no farther. If you only knew the strange confidences that are sometimes placed in me, Jessy, you would not hesitate."

No, she would not speak of her own accord, so he set on to pump her. Doing it very kindly and soothingly: had Jessy spent her year in London robbing all the banks, one might have thought she could but have yielded to his wish to come to the bottom of it. Duffham listened to her answers, and sat with a puzzled face. She told him what she had told Susan.

Nothing more. Duffham sat listening to her. He pushed back the pretty golden hair (no more blue ribbons in it now), lost in thought.

"*Nothing* more, Jessy? There must have been something more, I think, to have brought you into this state. What was it?"

"No," she faintly said; "only the hard work I had to do; and the thought of how I left my home; and—and my unhappiness. I was unhappy always, nearly from my first entering. The work was hard."

"What was the work?"

"It was—"

A long pause. Mr. Duffham, always looking at her, waited.

"It was dress-making. And—there was sitting-up at nights."

"Who was the lady you served? What was her name?"

"I can't tell it," answered Jessy, her cheeks flushing to a wild hectic.

The surgeon suddenly turned the left hand towards him and looked at the forefinger. It was smooth as ivory.

"Not much sign of hard work there, Jessy."

She drew it under the clothes. "It is some little time since I did any; I was too sick," she answered. "Mr. Duffham, I have told you all there is to tell. The place was too hard for me, and it made me ill."

It was all she told. Duffham wondered whether it was, in substance, all she had to tell.

Jessy Page's coming home, with, as Miss Susan had put it, the vagabond manner of it, was a nine day's wonder. The neighbors went making calls at the Copse farm, to talk about it and to see her. In the latter hope they failed. Jessy showed a great fear of seeing any one of them; would put her head under the bed-clothes and lie there shaking till the house was clear; and Duffham said she was not to be crossed.

Her sisters got to know no more of the past. Not a syllable. They questioned and cross-questioned her; but she only stuck to her text.

"I really think it must be so; that she has nothing else to tell," remarked Abigail to Susan one morning as they sat alone at breakfast. "But she must have been a downright simpleton to stay."

"I can't make her out," returned Susan, hard of belief. "Why should she not say where it was, and who the people are? Here comes the letter-man."

The letter-man—as he was called with us—was bringing a letter for Miss Page. Letters at the Copse farm were rare, and she opened it with curiosity. It proved to be from Mrs. Allen of Aberystwith: and out of it dropped two cards, tied together with silver cord.

Mrs. Allen wrote to say that her distant relative, Marcus, was married. He had been married on Christmas Eve to a Miss Mary Goldbeater, a rich heiress, and they had sent her cards. Thinking the Miss Pages might like to see the cards (as they knew something of him) she had forwarded them.

Abigail took the cards up. "Mr. Marcus Allen. Mrs. Marcus Allen." And on hers was the address: "Gipsy Villas, Montgomery Road, Brompton." "I think he might have been polite enough to send us cards also," observed Abigail.

Susan put the cards on the waiter when she went up-stairs with her sister's tea. Jessy, looking rather more feverish than usual in a morning, turned the cards about in her slender hands.

"I have heard of her, this Mary Goldbeater," said Jessy, biting her parched lips. "They say she's pretty: and—and very rich."

"Where did you hear of her?" asked Susan.

"Oh, in—let me think. In the workroom."

"Did you ever see Mr. Marcus Allen when you were in town?"

"Mr. Marcus Allen?" repeated Jessy after a pause—just as if she were unable to recall who Mr. Marcus Allen was.

"The Mr. Marcus Allen you know at Aberystwith; he who came here afterwards," went on Susan impatiently. "Are you losing your memory, Jessy?"

"No, I never saw the Marcus Allen I knew here—and there," was Jessy's answer, her face white and still as death.

"Why! Did you know any other Marcus Allen, then?" questioned Susan, in surprise. For the words had seemed to imply it.

"No," replied Jessy. "No."

"She seems queerer than usual—I hope her mind's not going," thought Susan. "Did you ever go to see Madame Caron, Jessy, while you were in London?"

"Never. Why should I? I didn't know her."

"When Marcus Allen wrote to excuse himself from visiting us in the summer, he said he would be sure to come later," resumed Susan. "I wonder if he will keep his promise."

"No: never," answered Jessy.

"How do you know?"

"Oh—I don't think it. He'd not care to come, I fancy. Especially now he's married."

"And you never saw him in town, Jessy? Never even met him by chance?"

"I've told you—No. Do you suppose I should be likely to call upon Marcus Allen? As to meeting him by chance, it is not often I went out, I can tell you."

"Well, sit up and take your breakfast," concluded Susan.

A thought had crossed Susan Page's mind—whether this marriage of Marcus Allen's on Christmas Eve could have had anything to do with Jessy's return and her miserable unhappiness. It was but a thought: and she drove it away again.

III.

The winter snow lay on the ground still, when it became a question not of how many weeks Jessy would live, but of days.

They did not tell Mr. Page: it would have distressed him too much.

One afternoon I was standing by Jessy's bed—for Miss Abigail had let me go up to see her. Mrs. Todhetley, that first day, had said she looked like a lily: she was more like one now. A faded lily that has had all its brightness washed out of it.

"Good-by, Johnny Ludlow," she said, opening her eyes, and putting out her feeble hand. "I shall not see you again."

"I hope you will, Jessy. I'll come over to-morrow."

"Never again in this world."

And I had to lean over to catch the words, and my eyes were full.

"In the next world there'll be no parting, Jessy. We shall see each other there."

"I don't know," she said. "You will be there, Johnny; I can't tell whether I shall be.

It was not pleasant to hear that: it seemed worse for me to hear it than to her to say it. But she had got too weak to feel things strongly.

"Good-by, Johnny."

"Good-by, Jessy, dear," I whispered. "Don't fear: God will be sure to take you to Heaven, if you ask Him."

They buried her in the churchyard beside her mother. And that ended the life of Jessy Page. Nothing more was ever heard or known of where she had been or what she had done. Years have gone by since; and William Page is lying by her. Miss Page and Charley live on at the Copse farm; Susan has been Mrs. John Drench, years ago. Her husband is a man of substance now.

There's nothing more to tell. The mystery of Jessy Page (as we grew to call it) remains a mystery. I never go into church on a Christmas morning—whether it may be one of our simple country ones, green with its branches of holly, or one of your new "artistic" achievements, great in flowers of many colors, and tawdry scrolls—but I think of Jessy Page. Of her sweet face, her simplicity, and her want of guile: and of the poor wan wreck that came back, broken-hearted, to die.

Human Hair.

The ancients believed that the individual whose hair was straight and lank, was weak and cowardly. Frizzly hair was indicative of coarseness and clumsiness. The hair that specially won their admiration was that which, flowing down, terminated in ringlets. The Emperor Augustus was favored by nature with wonderfully fine and abundant hair. Auburn or light brown tresses were thought the most distinguished, and the possessor of hair of either that was pre-supposed to be intelligent, industrious, and of a peaceful disposition. Black hair was not held in esteem by the Romans. Red hair was positively hideous in their eyes. Ages before the time of Judas it was an object of aversion. It was even held to be an omen of wickedness in its possessor. Fortunately, these old-time prejudices have quite worn away. Men no longer base their estimate of character upon the color of the hair.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE HUERTA.

All southern nations are fond of shade: flowers, and birds; and as the heat of the climate compels them, so to speak, to live in the open air, they have arranged their gardens with a degree of comfort unknown among us. The Italians and Spaniards, whose houses, during the greater part of the year, are only inhabitable for a few hours a day, have striven to make their gardens veritable oases, where they can breathe the fresh evening air without being annoyed by those myriads of musquitos and gnats unknown in temperate climates, but which in tropical latitudes are a real plague. At mid-day they may be seen wheeling in countless myriads in every sunbeam. The Hispano-Americans especially have raised the gardening art to a science, being always engaged in trying to solve the problem of procuring fresh air during the hottest hours of the day—that is to say, between mid-day and three P. M., during which time the earth, which has been heated since dawn by the burning heat of a torrid sun, exhales deadly effluvia, and so decomposes the air that it is impossible to breathe it.

The Spanish language, which is so rich in expressions of every description, has two words to signify a garden. There is the word *garden*, by which is meant the parterre properly so called—the garden in which flowers are cultivated that in those countries grow in the open air, but with us only in hot-houses, where they are stunted and decrepit; and, secondly, the *huerta*, which means the kitchen-garden, the vineyard, and their clumps of trees, wide avenues, cascades, streams and lakes—in a word, all that we, very improperly in my opinion, have agreed to call a park. The Hacienda del Toro possessed a huerta, which the Marquises de Moguer had in turn sought to embellish. This huerta, which in Europe would have seemed very large—for life among us has been reduced to the condition of a mean and shabby comfort—was considered small in that country. It contained in all only thirty acres—that is to say, a surface of about twelve square miles; but this relative smallness was made up for by an admirable disposition of the ground, and an extent of shade, which had made a great reputation for the Huerta del Toro throughout Sonora.

At eight o'clock precisely the curfew was rung, as was the custom at the hacienda. At the sound of the chapel-bell all the peons and vaqueros retired to their jacals in order to sleep. Paredes had placed sentinels at night on the walls ever since an attack from the Indians had been apprehended, and the precaution was the more necessary at this time, as there was no moon, and it is that period of the month which the red-skins always select to begin their invasions. When the majordomo had assured himself that the sentries were at their posts, he made a general inspection of the whole hacienda to have the lights extinguished, and then proceeded, accompanied by the tigrero, to the Blue Room, where Don Hernando and his son and daughter were assembled.

"All is in order," he said; "everybody has retired to his jacal, the hacienda gates are closed, and the sentries placed on the walls."

"You are quite certain, Paredes, that no one is walking about the corals or huerta?"

"No one; I made my rounds with the greatest strictness."

"Very good; now, daughter, you can give your orders, and we are ready to obey you."

Dona Marianna bowed to her father with a smile.

"Paredes," she said, "have you procured the tools my brother ordered you to provide?"

"Nina," he answered, "I have placed six picks, six crow-bars, and six spades in a clump of carob trees at the entrance of the large flower-garden."

"Why such a number of tools?" she asked, laughingly.

"Because, senorita, some may break; the work we have to do must be performed quickly, and had I not taken this precaution, we might have met with delay."

"You are right. Follow me, senora."

"And the lanterns?" Don Ruis observed.

"We will take them with us, but not light them till we reach the spot whither I am taking you. Although the night is dark, with your knowledge of localities we shall be able to guide ourselves without difficulty through the darkness. Our lights might be seen and arouse suspicions, and that is what we must avoid most of all."

"Excellently reasoned, daughter."

Dona Marianna rose, and the four men followed her in silence. They crossed the apartments instead of passing through the *patios*, which were thronged with sleepers, and entered the huerta by large double doors, from which the garden was reached by a flight of steps. On leaving the Blue Room, Dona Marianna took the precaution to blow out the candles, so that the hacienda was plunged into complete darkness, and all appeared asleep. The night was very dark; the sky, in which not a single star twinkled, seemed an immense pall; the breeze whistled hoarsely through the trees, whose branches rustled with an ill-omened murmur. In the distance could be heard the snapping bark of the coyotes, and at times the melancholy hoot of the owl arose in the dark and broke the mournful silence which brooded over nature. This night was excellently chosen for a mysterious expedition of such a nature as Dona Marianna was about to attempt.

After an instant—not of hesitation, for the maiden, although her heart was beating loudly, was firm and resolute—but of reflection, Dona Marianna rapidly descended the steps and entered the garden, closely followed by the four men, who also experienced an internal emotion for which they could not account. They had gone but a few yards when they halted; they had reached the thicket in which the tools were concealed. The majordomo and the tigrero took them on their shoulders, while the marquis and his son carried the lanterns. In spite of the darkness, which was rendered even more intense by the dense shadow cast by the old trees in the huerta, the young lady rapidly advanced, scarce making the sand creak beneath her little feet, and following the winding walks with as much ease as if she were traversing them in the bright sunshine.

The marquis and his son felt their curiosity increase from moment to moment. They saw the girl so gay, and so sure of herself, that they involuntarily began to hope, although they found it impossible to explain the nature of their hopes to themselves. Paredes and Marianno were also greatly puzzled about the purpose of the expedition in which they were taking part; but their thoughts did not travel beyond this: they supposed that there was some work for them to do, and that was all.

The young lady still walked on, stopping at times and muttering a few words in a low voice, as if trying to remember the instructions she had previously received, but never hesitating, or taking one walk for another; in a word, she did not once retrace her steps when she had selected her course. Night, especially when it is dark, imparts to scenery a peculiar hue, which completely changes the appearance of the most familiar spots; it gives the smallest object a formidable aspect; all is confounded in one mass, without graduated tints, from which nothing stands out: a spot which is very cheerful in the sunshine becomes gloomy and mournful when enveloped in darkness. The huerta, which was so pretty and bright by day, assumed on this night the gloomy and majestic proportions of a forest; the fall of a leaf, the accidental breaking of a branch, the dull murmur of invisible waters—things so unimportant in themselves—made these men start involuntarily, although they were endowed with great energy, and any real danger would not have made them blench.

But darkness possesses the fatal influence over the human organization of lessening its faculties, and rendering it small and paltry. A man who, in the midst of a battle, electrified by the smell of powder, and excited by the example of his comrades, performs prodigies of valor, will tremble like a child on finding himself alone in the shadow of night, and in the presence of an unknown object, which causes him to apprehend a danger which frequently only exists in his sickly imagination. Hence our friends involuntarily underwent the formidable influence of darkness, and felt a certain, uneasiness, which they tried in vain to combat, and which they could not succeed in entirely dispelling, in spite of all their efforts. They walked on silent and gloomy, pressing against each other, looking around them timidly, and in their hearts wishing to reach as speedily as possible the end of this long walk. At length Marianna halted.

"Light the lanterns," she said.

This was the first remark made since they left the Blue Room. The lanterns were instantly lighted. Dona Marianna took one, and handed another to her brother,

"Show me a light, Ruis," she said to him.

The spot where they found themselves was situated at nearly the centre of the huerta; it was a species of grass-plot, on which only stubbly, stunted grass grew. In the centre rose a sort of tumulus, formed of several rocks piled on one another without any apparent symmetry, and which the owners of the hacienda had always respected in consequence of its barbarous singularity. An old tradition asserted that one of the old kings of Cibola, on the ruins of which town the hacienda was built, had been buried at the spot, which was called "The Tomb of the Cacique" after the tradition, whether it were true or false. The first Marquis de Moguer, who was a very pious man, like all the Spanish conquistadors, had to some extent authorized this belief, by having the mound blessed by a priest, under the pretext—a very plausible one at that time—that the tomb of a pagan attracted demons, who would at once retire when it was once consecrated.

With the exception of the name it bore, this mound had never been held in bad repute, and no suspicious legend was attached to it. It was remote from the buildings of the hacienda, and surrounded on all sides by dense and almost impenetrable clumps of trees. Persons very rarely visited it, because, as it stood in the centre of an open patch of grass, it offered no shelter against the sun; hence the place was only known to the family and their oldest servants.

"Ah! ah!" said the marquis, "so you have brought us to the cacique's tomb, my girl?"

"Yes, father; we can now begin operations without fear of being seen."

"I greatly fear that your hopes have led you astray."

"You promised, father, to make no remarks."

"That is true, and so I will hold my tongue."

"Very good, father," she said, with a smile; "be assured that this exemplary docility will soon be duly rewarded."

And the young lady continued her investigations. She looked attentively at every stone, seeming to study its position carefully, while comparing it with a point of the compass."

"In which direction does the clump of old aloes lie?" she at length asked.

"That I cannot tell you," said Don Ruis.

"With your permission, I will do so," Paredes observed.

"Yes, yes," she said, eagerly.

The majordomo looked about for a moment, and then, placing himself in a certain direction, said—

"The aloes of Cibola, as we call them, are just facing me."

"Are you certain of it, Paredes!"

"Yes, nina, I am."

The young lady immediately placed herself by the majordomo's side, and bending down over the stones, examined them with extreme care and attention. At length she drew herself up with a start of joy.

"My father," she said, with emotion, "the honor of dealing the first stroke belongs to you."

"Very good, my child; where am I to strike?"

"There!" she said, pointing to a rather large gap between two stones.

Don Hernando drove in the pick, and, pressing on it forcibly, detached a stone, which rolled on the grass.

"Very good," said the girl. "Now stop, father, and let these young men work; you can join them presently, should it prove necessary. Come, Ruis—come, tocayo—come, Paredes—to work, my friends! Enlarge this hole, and make it large enough for us to pass through."

The three men set to work ardently, excited by Dona Marianna's words, and soon the stones, forced from their bed of earth, began to strew the ground around in large numbers. Not one of the three men suspected the nature of the task he was performing, and yet such is the attraction of a secret, that they drove in their picks with extraordinary ardor. Ruis alone possibly foresaw an important discovery behind the task, but could not have explained what its nature was. The

work, in the meanwhile, progressed; the hole became with every moment larger. The stones, which had been apparently thrown upon each other, were not bound by any mortar, and hence, so soon as the first was removed, the others came out with extreme facility. Now and then the laborers stopped to draw breath; but this interruption lasted only a short time, so anxious were they to obtain the solution of the problem. All at once they stopped in discouragement, for an enormous mass of rock resisted their efforts. This rock, which was about six feet square, was exactly under the stones they had previously removed, and as no solution of continuity could be perceived, everything led to the supposition that this rock was really very much larger, and that only a portion of it was laid bare.

"Why are you stopping, brother?" Dona Marianna asked.

"Because we have reached the rock, and should break our picks, without getting any further."

"What! reached the rock? Impossible!"

The marquis leant over the excavation.

"It would be madness to try and get any further," he said; "it is plain that we have reached the rock."

Dona Marianna gave an angry start.

"I tell you again that it is impossible," she continued.

"Look for yourself, sister."

The young lady took a lantern and looked; then, without answering her brother, she turned to Paredes and the tigrero.

"You," she said, "are old servants of the family, and I can order you without any fear of being contradicted; so obey me. Remove, as rapidly as possible, all the stones round that supposed rock, and when that is done, I fancy I shall convince the most incredulous."

The two men resumed work; and Don Ruiz, piqued by his sister's remark, imitated them. The marquis with folded arms and head bowed on his chest, was overcome by such persistency, and began to hope again. Ere long the stones were removed, and the mass of rock stood solitary.

The young lady turned to the marquis.

"Father," she said to him, "you dealt the first blow, and must deal the last; help these three men in removing this block."

Without replying, the marquis seized a pick, and placed himself by the side of the workers. The four men dug their tools into the friable earth which adhered to the rock; then, with a common and gradual effort, they began raising the stone until it suddenly lost its balance, toppled over, and fell on the ground, revealing a deep excavation. At the sight of this, all uttered a cry of surprise.

"Burn some wood to purify the air," the young lady said.

They obeyed with that feverish activity which, in great circumstances, seizes on apparently the slowest natures.

"Now come, father," Dona Marianna said, as she seized a lantern and boldly entered the excavation.

The marquis went in, and the rest followed him. After proceeding for about one hundred yards along a species of gallery, they perceived the body of a man, lying on a sort of clumsy dais, in a perfect state of preservation, and rather resembling a sleeping person than a corpse. Near the body the fleshless bones of another person were scattered on the ground.

"Look!" said the maiden.

"Yes," the marquis answered, "it is the body interred under the tumulus."

"You are mistaken, father; it is the body of a miner, and the fancied tumulus is nothing but a very rich gold mine, which has remained for ages under the guard of this incensate body, and which it has pleased heaven to make known to you, in order that you may recover the fortune which you were on the point of losing. Look around you," she said, raising the lantern.

The marquis uttered a cry of delight and admiration, doubt was no longer possible. All around he saw enormous veins of gold, easy of extraction almost without labor. The marquis was dazzled; weaker in joy than in suffering, he fell unconscious on the floor of this mine, whose produce was about to restore to him all that he had lost.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE ASSAULT ON QUITOVER.

While these events were taking place at the Hacienda del Toro, others of an even more important nature were being carried out at the Real de Minas. Kidd, the adventurer, had scarce left Don Rufino Contreras, after the interesting conversations we have recorded, ere the senator made his preparations for departure, and at once set out for the Real de Minas, though careful to be accompanied by a respectable escort, which protected him from the insults of marauders. At 8 A. M. of the following day the senator entered the pueblo, and his first business was to present himself to the town commandant, Don Marcos de Niza. The captain not only received him coldly, but with a certain amount of constraint. This did not escape the senator's quick eye, but he was not at all affected by it.

"My dear captain," he said, after the usual compliments, "I am pleased at having been selected by the Presidential Government as its delegate to the military authorities of the State of Sonora for two reasons, apart from the honor I shall acquire by accomplishing this confidential duty."

The captain bowed, but said nothing.

"The first of these reasons," the senator continued with his eternal smile, "is that I make the acquaintance of an excellent caballero in yourself; the second, that before being joined in the command with you, and desiring to make myself as agreeable to you as I could, I asked for the rank of lieutenant-colonel for you, a step which, between ourselves, you have long deserved, and I was so fortunate as to obtain it for you. Permit me to hand you the commission with my own hands."

And drawing from his pocket-book a large folded paper, he laid it in the hand which the captain mechanically held out. The senator had justly counted on the skillfully managed surprise. The captain, confounded by the tardy justice done him, could not find a word to answer, but from this moment Don Rufino's cause was gained in his mind; and unless some unforseen event occurred, the senator was convinced that he had nothing now to fear from this man, whom he had cleverly managed to lay under an obligation, without it costing him anything. The truth was, that a few days previously the captain's nomination had reached the Governor of Arispe from Mexico; the senator accidentally heard of it, and offered to deliver it to the captain. As the governor had no reason to refuse, he entrusted the nomination to the senator, and he turned it to the good purpose we have seen.

"And now," he continued, cutting short the thanks which the new colonel thought himself bound to offer him, "permit me to change the conversation, my dear colonel, and speak to you about things which interest me privately."

"I am listening to you caballero," Don Marcos answered; "and if I can be of any service to you—"

"Oh, merely to give me some information," the senator interrupted him; "I will explain the matter in two words. I am, as you are probably aware, very intimate with a relative of yours, the Marquis de Moguer, and an alliance between us is being arranged at this moment;"

Don Marcos gave a deep bow.

"Now," the senator continued, "the marquis, as you of course know, has been seriously tried of late; in a word, between ourselves, he is almost ruined. Several times already I have been so fortunate as to render him important services; but, as you know, where misfortune is pressing a family, the best intentions often can only succeed in retarding an inevitable downfall. Being most desirous to save a man with whom I shall be probably closely connected within a few days, not merely by the ties of friendship, but also by the closer links of relationship, I have bought up all his debts; in a word, I have become his sole creditor, and that is as much as telling you that the marquis does not owe a farthing now. The man whom I entrusted with this difficult negotiation will arrive immediately in this town, where I gave him the meeting.

"He arrived some days ago," the colonel remarked.

"Indeed!" Don Rufino exclaimed, affecting surprise, "it seems in that case that he has worked quicker than I expected. But that is a thousand times better, as I will claim a service at your hands."

"A service!" Don Marcos exclaimed, with instinctive distrust.

"Yes," the senator continued, tranquilly; "I hardly know how to explain it to you, for it is so difficult, however friendly you may be with a man whose daughter you are about to marry, to say to him 'You owed enormous sums; I have bought up your debts, here are the receipts; burn them, for you owe nothing now;' it would be looking so much like trying to impose conditions to act thus—in a word, to make a bargain—that I feel a repugnance from it; and if a common friend does not consent to come to my assistance in the matter, I confess to you that I am completely ignorant how I shall get out of the difficulty."

"Want!" the colonel exclaimed, in admiration, "would you do that?"

"I never had any other thought," the senator replied simply.

"Oh, it is a great and generous action, caballero."

"Not at all; on the contrary, it is quite natural. Don Hernando is my intimate friend; I am going to marry his daughter, and my line of duty is plain. I only did what any one else in my place would have done."

"No, no," Don Marcos said, shaking his head with an air of conviction; "no, senor, no one would have acted as you have done, I feel certain. Alas! hearts like yours are rare."

"All the worse, all the worse, and I feel sorry for humanity," Don Rufino said, as he raised his eyes piously to the ceiling.

"What is the service you expect from me, senor?"

"A very simple thing. I will give you in a few moments those unlucky receipts, which I will ask you to be kind enough to hand to the marquis. You can make him understand better than I can the purity of my intentions in this affair; and, above all, pray assure him that I have not done it for the purpose of forcing him to give me his daughter's hand."

The senator went away, leaving the colonel completely under the charm. He proceeded hastily to the room where Don Pariodo was lodged: he took the receipts from him, rewarded him handsomely, and did not leave him till he saw him and his bailiff out of the pueblo; then he walked slowly back to the colonel's house, rubbing his hands, and muttering, with an ironical smile—

"I fancy that I shall soon have no cause to fear that worthy Senor Kidd's denunciations. By-the-by, where can he be? his absence from Quitover is not natural, and I must free myself from him at our next interview."

The senator's conversation with his agent had occupied some time, and when Don Rufino returned to the colonel's house, he found the latter busy in making known his new rank to his officers. The colonel eagerly took advantage of the opportunity to introduce the senator to them, and to tell them that Don Rufino was delegated by the Government to watch the operations of the army, and that hence they must obey him like himself. The officers bowed respectfully to the senator, made their bows, and retired. When the two gentlemen were alone again, the ice was completely broken between them, and they were the best friends in the world.

"Well," the colonel said.

"All is settled," the senator replied, as he produced the vouchers.

"Caramba! you have lost no time."

"The best things are those done quickly. Take all these documents, and make what use of them you think proper. I am delighted at having got rid of them."

While saying this, Don Rufino threw the papers on the table with an excellent affectation of delight.

"With your leave, caballero," the colonel said, with a laugh, "I will take these papers, since you insist on it, but I will give you a receipt."

"Oh, no," the senator exclaimed, "that would spoil the whole business."

"Still—"

"Not a word," he interrupted him, quickly; "I do not wish to have in my possession the shadow of a claim upon Don Hernando."

The colonel would have probably pressed the point, had not a great noise been heard in the anteroom, and a man rushed into the colonel's sanctum, shouting at the top of his lungs, "The Indians! the Indians!"

The colonel and the senator rose. The man was Kidd; his clothes were torn and disordered; his face and hands were covered with blood and dust, and all apparently proved that he had just escaped from a sharp pursuit. A strange uproar outside the house, which soon assumed formidable proportions, corroborated his statement.

"Is that you, Kidd?" the colonel exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied; "but lose no time, captain; here are the pagans! they are at my heels, and I am scarce half-an-hour ahead of them."

Without waiting to hear anything more, the colonel dashed out of the room.

"Where have you come from?" Don Rufino asked the bandit, so soon as he was alone with him.

The latter gave a start of disappointment on recognizing the senator, whom he had not noticed at the first moment. This start did not escape Don Rufino.

"How does that concern you?" the adventurer answered, roughly.

"I want to know."

Kidd made a meaning grimace.

"Every man has his own business," he said.

"Some treachery you have been preparing, of course."

"That is possible," he replied, with a knowing grin.

"Against me, perhaps."

"Who knows?"

"Will you speak?"

"What is the use of speaking, since you have guessed it?"

"Then you are still trying to deceive me?"

"I mean to take my precautions, that is all."

"Scoundrel!" the senator exclaimed, with a menacing gesture.

"Nonsense!" the other said, with a shrug of his shoulders; "I am not afraid of you, for you would not dare to kill me."

"Why not?"

"In the first place, because it would cause a row, and because I do not think you such a friend of the captain that you would venture to take such a liberty in his house."

"You are mistaken, villain, and you shall have a proof of it."

"Holloa!" the adventurer exclaimed, as he retired precipitately to the door.

But, with a gesture rapid as thought, Don Rufino seized one of Don Marcos's pistols, cocked it, and ere Kidd could effect the retreat he was meditating, he fired, and the adventurer lay on the ground with a bullet in his chest.

"Die, brigand!" the senator shouted, as he threw down the weapon he had used.

"Yes," the bandit muttered, "but not unavenged. It was well played, master; but your turn will soon arrive—"

And stiffening with a final convulsion, the ruffian expired, retaining on his features even after death an expression of mocking defiance, which caused the senator an involuntary tremor.

"What is the matter here?" the colonel asked, suddenly entering.

"Nothing very important," Don Rufino said, carelessly. "I was carried away by my passion, and settled this scoundrel."

"*Viva Dios!* You were right, senor; I only regret that you have anticipated me, for I have proofs of his treachery.—Ho, there! Remove the carrion, and throw it out," he shouted to some soldiers who accompanied him, and had remained in the ante-room.

The soldiers obeyed, and the adventurer's body was thrown unceremoniously into the street.

"Are the Indians really coming up?"

"The dust raised by their horses' hoofs can already be perceived. We have not a moment to lose in preparing for defence. I suppose I can reckon on you?"

"*Rayo de Rios!* I should hope so."

"Come, then, for time presses."

Kidd had in reality prepared, with his usual Machiavelism, a new treachery, of which, unluckily for him, he was destined to be the first victim. The whole pueblo was in an uproar; the streets were crowded with soldiers proceeding to their posts; with women, children, and aged persons flying in terror; with rancheros, who arrived at a gallop to find shelter in the town, and heightened the general alarm by the terror depicted on their faces; cattle were dashing madly about the streets, deserted by the herdsmen, who were compelled to proceed to the intrenchments; and on the distant plain the body of Indians could be seen through the dust-clouds, coming up at headlong speed.

"They are numerous," the senator whispered to the colonel.

"Too many," the latter answered; "but silence! let us look cheerful."

There were twenty minutes of indescribable anxiety, during which the defenders of the pueblo were enabled to examine their enemies, and form an idea of the terrible danger that menaced them.

Unhappily, the sun was on the point of setting, and it was evident that the redskins had calculated their march so as to arrive exactly at that moment, and continue the attack through the night. The colonel, foreseeing that he might possibly be compelled to have recourse to flight, collected a band of fifty resolute horsemen, to whom he gave orders not to leave the Plaza Major, and to be ready for any eventuality. After their first charge the Indians retired out of musket range, and did not renew their attack. A few horsemen, better mounted than the rest, were scattered over the plain, picking up the dead and wounded, and capturing the struggling horses; but the colonel gave orders that they should not be fired at—not through humanity, but in order to spare his ammunition, of which he possessed a very small stock.

Night set in, and a deep gloom covered the earth; but the red-skins lit no fires. This circumstance alarmed the colonel; but several hours passed, and nothing led to the possibility of an attack being suspected. Profound silence brooded over the pueblo and the surrounding plains, and the Indians seemed to have disappeared as if by enchantment. The Mexicans tried in vain to distinguish any suspicious forms in the darkness; they saw and heard nothing. This expectation of a danger, which all felt to be imminent and terrible, had something frightful for the besieged.

Suddenly an immense light lit up the plain; the black outlines of the Indians rose like diabolical apparitions, galloping in all directions; a horrible, discordant and shrill yell echoed in the ears of the Mexicans, and clouds of blazing arrows fell upon them from all sides at once, while the hideous heads of the red-skins appeared on the crest of the entrenchments. Then, in the light of a forest, kindled by the Indians to serve them as a beacon, an obstinate hand-to-hand fight began between the white men and red-skins.

The pueblo was captured; any further resistance became not only impossible, but foolish. Several houses were already ablaze, and in a few minutes the Real de Minas would only be one immense furnace. The senator and the colonel had fought bravely so long as a gleam of hope was left them and the struggle appeared possible. At this moment they thought of saving the few wretches who still existed, and had escaped the frightful massacre by a miracle. Collecting around them all the men they possessed, they dashed to the Plaza Major, where, in spite of the fight raging round them, the squadron picked by Don Marcos had remained motionless, and leaping on their horses, they gave the order to start. Then the little band rushed forward like a hurricane, overthrowing and crushing all the obstacles that stood in their way; and after losing one-third their number, the rest succeeded in leaving the pueblo, traversing the enemy's lines, and taking the road to the Hacienda del Toro, without any close pursuit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Farming in California.

The following extract of a letter from Sebastopol, Sonoma County, Cal., may prove interesting to our readers. It is dated March 1st:—

DEAR M.—We had a ride planned for to-day over to English Hill, which commands a fine view. The children are clamoring for a trip to the ocean, but we tell them to wait till the rainy season is over. We can by getting an early start go to the coast and back the same day. It would be pleasanter this time of year for such a trip than in the summer if we were sure of clear weather, for in the summer the wind and *fog* are often disagreeable. Indeed, the people on the coast say it is warmer there in winter than in summer. In winter they have rain, but barely any *fog* or wind. We are about ten or twelve miles from the coast in a direct line, sixteen miles around the road. The high hills and woods temper the ocean winds, so that we have it pleasant nearly all the time. It is never hot, never cold. I get provoked at the weather sometimes; neither spring nor well water is *cold*, only cool, nearly the same temperature all the time. I suppose it is means that we should live on juicy fruit, and never get much thirsty. A poor show for the ice business here. We have cream plenty, but no ice-cream. Butter plenty, which we are feasting on now, for the last we sold only brought 25 cents.

San Francisco people pay 40 and 50 cents for their butter. If we had a better way of getting ours to market, we could get a better price. We don't always have time to take it to Santa Rosa, ten miles, or twenty miles to Petaluma. Living at a distance from market has its disadvantages.

We sow oats and cut it before it gets fully ripe for hay. What California needs more than anything else is grass, grass that will stand the dry season. I sowed some mesquit grass last fall; it looks well, and promises to be a good thing. It does well in Texas, where the summers are dry as here. There is no lack of greenness here in the trees, but the ground, the earth, all summer and sometimes in the fall is as brown and dead looking as if frozen or covered with snow; but the grass in the pasture, though dead apparently, affords nutriment for the stock.

The peach trees are in bloom; plums have hardly begun to shoot, apples too have hardly started. I have been grafting some of the large trees of poor kinds with Newton Pippin and Spitzenberg, the two kinds that are said to be most profitable. Also a lot of pear and apple, Bartlett and Winter Nelis pear. The only trouble with fruit seems to be to keep the trees from overbearing. Our Bartletts last year had to be thinned and propped repeatedly. I tried plucking them off carefully, but at last went around with a big pole and beat the trees unmercifully, or mercifully rather, for I noticed in a neighbor's orchard one tree in particular that had ruined itself utterly, crushed to the earth with its load of fruit. There is a great deal of labor one way or other with an orchard. To make the trees do well the ground has all to be ploughed twice; this guards against the dry weather. Then the pruning is quite a job.

A flock of sheep takes care of itself all the year round. No hay, no feed, no shelter; and yet ours are always fat and healthy.

E. W.

Marriage and Divorces Now-a-days.

"Laws-a-massy! soul sakes! When I was young 'twas different then. Why, when folks was a-going to get married, they took time and meditated upon it, and kinder studied each other out, and reflected and considered; and when they did get married they was married for sartin, and very much married—married from top to toe; and they expected to stay married; there warn't no talk of your divorces then; they knew beforehand that they was to 'hev and to hold' till grim death, and they mostly usually did. But now a young fellow sees a pretty gal and asks her to marry him, just as he'd ask her to take a walk; and she's all ready—'yes, sir, and thank yer, too'—and they go and get married, with no more realizing sense of their responsibility than Cock Robin has when he twitters and chirps to Jenny Robin. Well, pretty soon they get at it—she finds she don't like tobacco smoke, and he don't like a wife that can't do a thing but frizzle her hair; and so on it goes, from bad to worse, until at last they sue for divorce. And they'll get it, too. And all for what? Why, for uncomfortability of temper! Oh, laws-a-massy! soul sakes! now, did you ever!—'uncomfortability of temper!' 'Oh, Lordy!' 'incompatibility of temper, Mr. Hatchington,' I suggested. Yes, I know it; I said so; uncomfortability of temper—them's the words that does it. Well, is there not allers uncomfortability of temper in every family, and allers has been, and allers will be? Only in the good old times they used to screw it down and keep it under; and so, you see they managed to get along without none of your divorces."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

It is well known that the late Daniel Webster was a man of luxurious tastes and expensive habits, which frequently brought him into pecuniary difficulties. Apropos of this is the following anecdote: A Western gentleman, shortly after the great statesman's death, inveighed seriously, to a mutual friend, against these habits, and enforced his remarks with a practical illustration. "Way, sir," he exclaimed, "I travelled all night with Webster in a stage-coach out West, not long ago, and in the morning we all got out at a little hotel to stretch our legs and get breakfast. Webster took up a travelling-case, with combs, hair-brush, and tooth-brush, all of which he used vigorously. When he'd got through I asked him to lend me his tooth-brush, as there wasn't any at the sink where we washed, and Mr. Webster courteously complied. After using and rinsing it off I handed it back; and, will you believe it? the extravagant fellow just pitched it over into the bushes. It was a good new brush, too, and might have lasted him two or three months longer. No wonder he was always in debt."

A California professor is writing essays on the fly's nose. A very ticklish place to write essays, we should say, though perhaps he knows it.

FAR AND NEAR.

A firm friend—An obstinate Quaker.

An "original California big tree, forty-six feet in circumference," is on exhibition in Broadway.

On the 10th of June Captain Hall sails in the Polaris for the North pole.

Why is a man never knocked down against his will? Because it is impossible to fall unless inclined.

Fashionable dogs in New York, the fashion authorities announce, are to wear silk neckties this summer.

A paper called the Magnolia Flower, blooms in Arkansas—but the editor complains that he does not make a scene.

A tenth part of the surface of Scotland, or 2,000,000 acres of land, had been reserved as deer forests, and the population exiled to make room for game.

A little girl's evening prayer: "Please God, remember what little Polly said last night, she's so tired to-night—Amen."

Housekeepers must take care in dealing with furniture to keep water away from everything porous, alcohol from varnish, and acids from marble.

Miss Belle Brown, of Keokuk, had her cards printed "Bellie Brown" because she admired the terminal *ie*. Consternation has set in among Bellie's friends.

A public-spirited citizen of Duluth, calls on the local authorities to lay out an ornamental cemetery, in order to render the place attractive to invalids.

A gentleman expressed to a lady his admiration of her toilet. She said she supposed he had been impressed by her angel sleeves. He answered with effusion. "No; but he'd like to be."

At the Salt Lake theatre a pumpkin pays the admission of two people, and they get two carrots in change. Chickens, eggs, oats and greens are taken, and the box office looks like one of Greeley's wildest agricultural dreams.

The bay-window season has commenced in the rural districts. One architect recently completed a design for a barn and hen-house with six bay-windows on each. Carpenters now contract only for the bay-windows, and throw in the rest of the house.

Andre Carrella, a guide who had survived a long career of peril among the passes of the Swiss Alps, had his neck broken recently by a fall from a donkey on a level plain.

After he was a millionaire, Girard used to boast of wearing the same overcoat for fourteen winters.

There is not a city man connected with any of the New York papers. All the editors, writers, and reporters, were born in small towns or rural districts.

Sixty tons of laurel roots—to be made into pipes—were recently sent to Philadelphia from the Rappahannock. They will be sold for briar root pipes.

An inventive and economical genius dwelling in a by street has set out the grass plot in front of his premises with artificial crocuses made of orange-peel stuck in split sticks. This kind of art deserves encouragement, as it might tend to utilize the bits of orange peel by which the sidewalks are now rendered so unsafe.

No fat men are taken by Captain Hall in his Arctic expedition, they being less capable than lean ones of standing the intense cold.

"I thought the wise men came from the East," said a Western man to a Yankee. "And the farther you go west the more you'll think so—*I rayther guess.*"

The small-pox, which still ravages London, destroyed 25,001 lives from 1810-70 in England.

Beautiful tropical birds, revived by the taxidermist's art, and neatly mounted under glass cases, are becoming very common articles of display in the fancy stores, and they are offered for very small prices.

McDonald county, Mo., has a natural bridge spanning a chasm sixty feet high and 100 yards wide. It is one solid rock, and a wagon road crosses it.

The women at La Crosse, Wis., have got the rag-carpet mania the worst way, making up all the old clothes they can find. Men have to sleep in their pants to keep from having them made up into carpets, and then they often wake up in the morning, and after all their trouble, find a leg cut off.

A traveller, we are told, being in a wild country where he could find no provisions for himself or dog, cut off the dog's tail and boiled it for his own supper, and gave the dog the bone.

Many of the Welsh peasants live almost wholly upon oatmeal-cakes and buttermilk, and seldom suffer from indigestion. The acid (*lactic acid*) is regarded as a promoter of digestion.

A girl is to be married in Louisville this week, who boasts that during her two years' engagement her lover's lips have never met hers. She believes she lost a former lover through too much familiarity, and was determined to avoid a second disaster of the kind. The couple will doubtless enjoy a very long honeymoon.

Chicago boasts the greatest lumber market in the country, if not the world. Her wharfs for this indispensable commodity stretch for more than fifteen miles, and seem almost interminable.

Clothes moths have already made their appearance to the horror of housewives and the delight of the numerous colored firms who do business in the carpet-shaking line.

The cable between Malta and Alexandria, in the Mediterranean Sea, which cost the British Government two millions of dollars, has been sold to private parties for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

The lime lights which are exhibited in front of some of the Broadway places of amusement every evening, are a positive nuisance to pedestrians. The rays from these evening suns shoot up or down the street a distance of half a mile, and while they are painfully dazzling to the eye, they do not appear to illuminate the street. If a person is walking towards the light his eyes are almost closed to every object except the theatrical head-light, making locomotion not only disagreeable but dangerous. If the person is walking away from the light, the rays fall on his back, and every person he meets looks as white and ghastly as a corpse. Some of the lights are managed by an engineer, who turns the light, now flooding the upper part of the street, and then throwing the combined rays of his sun in the opposite direction.

The great naturalist Buffon, says that "if two herring and their progeny were allowed to propagate undisturbed for twenty years, they would produce a quantity of fish matter equal in bulk to our globe."

WHAT WOMEN EAT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—The recent article on what women eat struck me as being remarkably true, especially that portion which treats of "eating on the sly." I know more than one young lady, aye, and old lady, too, with a delicate appetite, who "gnaws it and claws it when she finds herself alone."

No one need ever be ashamed of an honest appetite, if health and good looks are desired—where are strength and energy to come from otherwise?

"Unsophisticated old bachelors" should always order a plentiful *souper* when they escort a healthy young lady out of an evening. I overheard one gay belle say to another at a fashionable restaurant one night: "Good gracious! I hadn't *half enough!* I shall have to visit the pantry when I get home."

"The same observation will apply to me," returned the other, laughing merrily. "I am a *perfect pig!*"

I only wished their *gay cavalier* had overheard these interesting remarks.

Innocent youth, when a "girl of the period," or rather of the *exclamation point*, declares that "she will take no more, thank you! she couldn't eat another morsel, no indeed!" don't you believe it, she's a gay deceiver! E. H. C.

Robbing the Living to Bury the Dead.

In fashionable circles, especially in large cities, expensive funerals are the order of the day. Men and women, moving in good, so-called good, society, live and die. When comes the time for interment of their mortal remains, in order to keep appearances to the last and make believe they are in good circumstances, oftentimes when the grocery-man, butcher, baker and wash-woman are unpaid, articles of jewelry or other valuables are pawned or sacrificed to make money with which to properly conduct an expensive funeral.

Beautiful hearses, gotten up regardless of taste or expense, are hired. Rosewood or mahogany coffins or caskets are purchased, together with silver plates, ornaments, satins, laces, not for the comfort they will afford the dead, but to gratify the ears of a few survivors, who will be entirely satisfied if the public generally can say—"What a splendid funeral!"

Many a widow and many a child has been robbed by this desire to create an impression, not for the dead, but in favor of the living. Many a family, possessed of a foolish or insane idea to appear as well as a neighbor on occasions like these, has suffered even to bankruptcy and poverty to keep up appearances and carry out their dead in style.

There is something radically wrong in all this foolish display. A man will rest in the ground as well in an coffin as another. What cares the dead man whether his coffin be of rosewood, lined with satin and trimmed with gold, or of pine? We would rather, than to have expended several thousand dollars on the occasion of our funeral, that the money thus used for effect and style would be given to the poor, to the orphans, to those who are houseless, homeless and destitute of the commonest comforts of life.

French Pronunciation of English.

If the youths of Brussels do not learn to speak English it will not be the fault of a learned gentleman of that city who has prepared a "Phrase Book" for their instruction in the elegancies of the language. This valuable work consists of long dialogues in short sentences, like those of a French novelist, and the conversation is supposed to be what usually takes place between men and women of culture. How funny it all is may be inferred from the following extract which gives the author's idea of English pronunciation:

Anglais.	Pronunciation.
Corkscrew,	korks-crow.
Honey,	henn-ni.
Youth,	youths.
Work,	oueurk.
Capuchin,	kap-iou-tchin.
Snuffers,	sneuf-feurs.
Pincers,	pinn-ceurs.
Spectacles,	spek-ta-kls.
The ear-ache,	d'ze-ir-eke.
The stomach-ache,	d'ze-stum meuk-eke.
The belly-ache,	d'ze-bel-li-eke.
The head-ache,	d'-ze-hed-eke.
To be sick,	tou-bi-sik.

If, with the assistance of this excellent oneurk, the youths of Brussels does not finally master the language, we hope the author will give the said youths a slight touch of d'ze-ir-eke.

☞ A Confederate soldier went to Brazil at the close of the war, taking with him his wife and two daughters—one 10 and the other 12 years of age. He was an educated man, having been a preacher in Montgomery county, Tennessee, but apparently his was not the sort of ability which makes men rich in such a place as Brazil, and after a while he became a bankrupt. According to Brazilian law the children of a citizen who cannot pay his debts may be sold as slaves, and the money thus obtained applied in payment of his obligations. The unfortunate Tennessean had become a naturalized citizen of the empire, and in accordance with the law both his children, now nearly grown to womanhood, were taken to the slave-market and sold to the highest bidder. The price paid was $1,200, by returning which the father can buy them back again.

☞ Mr. J. Marsh, a wealthy old bachelor, of Passaic, New Jersey, will in all probability be known to fame as the author of the most eccentric will of the age. He left the best part of an estate of $400,000 for the benefit of his six old horses. A farm of eighty acres is set apart as their happy hunting-ground for ten years, $300 a year each goes to feed them, an hostler will receive $1,200 yearly for ten years for grooming them, and two gentlemen get $10,000 each to see that the provisions of the will are fulfilled.

☞ St. Patrick's tastes were athletic. He had a wart on his forehead, and a cousin in the militia; and displayed a profound acquaintance with the laws of short whist, then in its infancy. He was an early riser, a deep thinker, and a careless dresser, and foresaw, with an eagle glance, the gradual development of the Railway System, while his declining years were soothed by the devoted attentions of some of the oldest families of Ireland.—*Punch.*

☞ A Connecticut toll-gate keeper recently received twenty cents from a man who said that he with two other boys got through the gate on false pretences. The others were dead, and the twenty cents were the original six they should have paid, with accrued interest.

Value of Advertising.

"Without advertising I should be a poor man to-day."—*H. T. Helmbold.*

"I advertised my productions and made money."—*Nicholas Longworth.*

"Advertising has furnished me with a competence."—*Amos Lawrence.*

"A man who is liberal in advertising is liberal in trade, and such a man succeeds while his neighbor with just as good goods falls and drops out of market."—*Horace Greeley.*

"He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising.—*A. T. Stewart.*

"Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—*Stephen Girard.*

P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

☞ A minister from a rural district, who had never heard organs and quartettes, being invited to preach in a New York church, was greatly perplexed with the prelude and the artistic style with which the hymn was rendered. After prayer, he gave out the second hymn, saying: "The audience will now join with me in singing an old Methodist hymn, and those persons running that bag of wind in the gallery will please not interrupt."

☞ Almond trees flourish in California, and one near Santa Barbara yielded $40 worth of nuts last year. This spring a farmer has set out 50,000 trees. The olive crop will be large this season.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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Agents are wanted to obtain subscribers for this paper—the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Good Commissions allowed. Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

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The Road upon which these Bonds are issued will form, when constructed, one of the most important links in the railway system of the North-West. It commences at Tomah and extends across the state of Wisconsin to St Paul. It is 154 miles in length—of which 120 are built; will have, when completed, direct connection with the Northern Pacific, and is an air line, with a saving of 100 miles over existing routes.

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Pamphlets, Maps, &c., with further information, can be obtained at the office of

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No. 29 Wall-St., and
GWYNNE, JOHNSON & DAY,
No. 16 Wall-St., New York,

Bankers and Financial Agents for the Company.

may6-4t

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may6-4t

3 Rich Photographs and one Racy Book free for 25 cents. W. HARPER, Brownsville, Mo.

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DOUBTING PEOPLE.

There is hardly a thing or subject that some people will not doubt—and it is only by actual proof that they can be convinced; in nothing is this fact more clearly demonstrated than in Medicine. 'Tis true, many have reason to doubt as they write us, saying that they have tried both Doctors and Medicines for the cure of Scrofula to no effect, therefore think there is no cure for them. *Now* we want to dissipate those doubts, by showing that *SCROFULA*, in all its forms, can be cured by the use of the

SAMARITAN'S ROOT AND HERB JUICES.

This has been proven to thousands, who are now sound and well. And to the doubtful, and those who have given up all hopes, we will furnish the **Root and Herb Juices** free of charge, until a perfect cure is effected.

Persons availing themselves of this offer, will please send reference that they will pay when cured.

ROOT AND HERB JUICES $1.25 per bottle.

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jan14-12teow

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AND

ALL OTHERS

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"BISMARCKS,"
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mh18-

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(ORGANIZED 1851.)

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1 annual payment will keep you insured 2 yrs. & 3 days									
2	"	payments	"	"	"	"	4	"	" 19 "
3	"	"	"	"	"	"	6	"	" 27 "
4	"	"	"	"	"	"	8	"	" 46 "
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The Advantage of Such Protection.

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I have this day received (*at the New York Office of the Company, 271 Broadway, cor. Chambers Street,*) THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE DOLLARS, this being *the full amount* due to his widow, after deducting the overdue payments and interest.

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J. H. FRANCIS, & J. H. DASHAM, 171 Broadway, New York.
W. H. GRAVES, Cor. Eleventh and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
JENKINS & MASON, 249 River St., Troy, New York.
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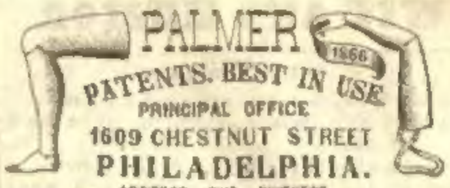

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Loud Sunset.

An honest Paddy just arrived from Cork,
To blest New Ireland—called by some New York,
Was gazing o'er the taff'rail at the town,
Just at the moment when the sun went down;
The evening gun boomed out upon the air—
"What's that?" said Paddy, with a frightened stare;
"That's sunset, Paddy," said a jolly tar;
"Sunset!" said Paddy, "What a mighty jar!
What a quare country's this," said simple Pat,
"Where the sun sets with such a slap as that."

Hints on Health.

First of all, see to it that you start right. It is vitally important. Avoid all hereditary taints. Be continually anxious about yourself. Remember we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and this curious mechanism at any moment may get out of repair. It may break down altogether. *This is death.*

Be on the lookout for symptoms. They generally precede a disease. Consult your pulse every half hour, and make sure by frequent personal observation that your tongue isn't coated. You should weigh yourself at least once a day, though it is not necessary to test your lungs more than twice a week. Keep your feet and your friendships warm.

Food is very important. No man can live long without it. That Chinamen succeed in doing it, and laying up money besides, proves nothing. Your food should be taken in moderation, avoiding over-eating, to which one is very prone when dining at somebody else's expense; and equally cautious not to eat too little, unless you happen to occupy a seat at a cheap boarding-house. A good, plain, nutritious diet is what you want. Mention it to your landlady and you'll probably get it.

I cannot lay down any special rules as to what you had better eat. Breadstuffs are bad. Never eat bread. The process by which the article is rendered light and white is very deleterious to the health. Never eat hot cakes—nor cold ones. Corn bread is fatal. Take to the wheat in grain; carry some in your pockets, and chew the food nature designed for you. If your teeth are bad or you have none, soak the wheat in castor oil.

For dinner, you want something substantial—pork, for example. If you choose pork, stick to it right through the year; many a man has built himself up in the pork-packing business. And then, abrupt changes are dangerous.

For tea, something very light should be taken, such as lobsters and milk, cucumbers and ice cream, or cold mince pie, pickles, and hard cider. Then for lunch (which is to be eaten, of course, immediately before going to bed,) we have always found plenty of sauer kraut, Welsh rabbit, pickled walnuts, saleratus biscuit hot, with London porter and green tea, very agreeable and soothing.

Take plenty of exercise in the open air, or in a treadmill, if well ventilated. Join a circus. Walking is excellent; so is running, particularly if you can run ahead of your ticket.

Baptizing the Baby.

Down in Woodbury there is a woman who is extremely deaf, and her affliction has caused an extremely unpleasant mistake, of which her infant child is the victim. She took this babe to church the other day to have him baptized. While she was waiting in the vestibule she thought she would keep him quiet by feeding him from a bottle of milk. While the child was still taking his sustenance the mother was summoned to the church with the announcement that the minister was ready. In her agitation she drew the bottle from the babe's mouth hurriedly, when the gum nozzle came off, and a pint of milk was spilled upon the child's new clothes. When the clergyman took the child in his arms, he looked down at it and asked the mother what name should be given it. She, with her mind troubled about the accident, thought he was asking how the clothes became soiled; so she answered:

"Nozzle came off."

Rather surprised, he asked again for the name, and she, thinking he did not understand her, bawled out:

"Nozzle came off, I say!"

Whereupon that astonished divine poured water on the child's head, and said:

"Nozzle-came-off Ferguson, I baptize thee," etc., etc.

What this woman wants to know now is, whether the legislature or something can't have that child's name changed to Henry, or Lucullus, or William, or some other more euphonious patronymic.

Complimentary.

One stormy, blustering night, a verdant couple presented themselves at the residence of a certain Norfolk clergyman, requesting to be married. After the ceremony was performed, the happy groom, pocket-book in hand, asked:—"Wall, Squire, what's to pay?" The astonished and expectant reverend modestly replied that he never named his price for any such service, but accepted whatever any one was pleased to give him. The money was returned to the capacious pocket with a grin and a bow. "Wall, I'm obleeged to ye, I declare; I'll do as much for you some time." "Yes," chimed in the blushing bride, with an astonishing courtesy, "much obliged to ye, as far as I'm consarned. If it a hadn't a-stormed, we should have gone to Dedham!"

MRS. GRUNDY AND THE EQUATOR.—A little school girl up in Massachusetts asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterwards the teacher asked the geography class to which this little "bud of promise" belonged: "What is a zone?" After some hesitation this little girl brightened up and replied, "I know; it is a belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."

ABOUT FORTY.—An individual, speaking of two of his friends between whom a coolness, not amounting to positive enmity, existed, said he supposed the thermometer between them "would stand at about 40"

A FACETIOUS JUDGE, being joked about the probability of his nose and chin, which had great approximation, eventually meeting and quarrelling, said he apprehended it himself, *as a great many words* had passed between them.

FREAKS OF NATURE.

WAITER.—"Now, then, look sharp? Here's that mutton-chop a biling with rage at being' kep' waitin', and a beefsteak gone away in a towering passion!"

SONG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You little bird with azure wings,
He sings and flits and flits and sings,
One of the morning's happiest things;
And I am happy too!
His little throat, so sleek and slim,
With music overflows; to him
A joy is nothing new.

But when has such a morn been mine?
In memory let it ever shine.
How different is thy life from mine,
My pretty silver-throat!
That heart must be too often sad,
Which when it happens to be glad,
Doth of it make a note.

How Soap Makes Clean.

It is astonishing, how little heed is paid in our present system of education to inculcating correct knowledge of the practical questions of our every-day life. We listened only a few days ago to a discussion concerning the nature of soap, which, for the first time, made us aware how many intelligent persons there are who have not the most remote idea of what soap really is. All dirt consists in the first place of dust; a fine dry powder containing almost all known substances in greater or lesser quantities, and produced by the endless friction incessantly going on in all parts of the world. This dust, falling on a dry surface, remains a fine powder, and can be swept off with a broom or a cloth, leaving the object precisely as clean as before. If it falls upon a surface wet with moisture, it forms a paste, which becomes a solid cake when dry, and which, when dry, can be rubbed off, leaving the object almost, if not entirely, as clean as before. If our clothing or our skin were perfectly dry, we should clean it perfectly by merely sweeping off the dust. If our clothing or our skin were wet with moisture, we should clean it by rubbing or brushing as soon as the moisture had evaporated, and the clothing or skin had become dry. In the one case we should *sweep* off the dust; in the other, we should *rub* or *brush* it off. But our clothing and our skin are neither perfectly dry, nor wet with moisture. The perspiration from the pores of our skin contains a fatty substance, which never dries, and which, more or less, penetrates all our clothing. When dust falls on our skin and clothing it is held there by this fatty substance, which prevents us from getting rid of the dust by either sweeping or rubbing. We can only *wash* it off. But the fatty substance which holds the dust will not allow the water to get at the dust, and all the water in the world cannot wash the dust off a human skin or human clothing. The fatty substance must first be removed. A little lye, or alkali, a mineral substance, possesses the peculiarity that when it comes in contact with grease or fat it renders it soluble in water. Apply lye and water to the skin, and the grease, becoming soluble in water, is immediately dissolved, the dust is no longer held by the grease, and can now be washed off with the water. Soap is nothing but lye in a form convenient for use. It is lye mixed with grease. The cleaning part of soap is the lye; the grease which is mixed with it merely facilitates the rubbing by which the lye is everywhere brought into contact with the article to be cleaned. This additional grease, being already mixed with lye, is of course soluble in water, and is immediately washed off after it has served its purpose of carrying the lye wherever it is wanted. The fatty perspiration holds the dust, the lye of the soap dissolves the fat and enables the water to wash away the dust.

A Few Signs.

Solomon said, many centuries ago, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." When I see a boy in haste to spend every cent as soon as he gets it, I think it is a sign that he will be a spendthrift. When I see a child hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it is a sign that he will be a miser. When I see a boy or girl always looking out for himself or herself, I think it is a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person. When I see boys and girls often quarreling, I think it is a sign they will be violent men and hateful women. When I see a little boy willing to take strong drink, I think it is a sign that he will be a drunkard. When I see a boy who never attends to the service of religion I think it is a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man. When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it is a sign of great future blessings from his heavenly parent. And though changes sometimes takes place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.—*Old Jonathan.*

Re-vaccination as a Safeguard Against Small-pox.

The following is the memorandum issued from the Medical Department of the English Privy Council:—"By vaccination in infancy, if thoroughly well performed and successful, most people are completely insured, for their whole lifetime, against an attack of small-pox; and in the proportionately few cases where the protection is less complete, small-pox, if it be caught, will, in consequence of the vaccination, generally be so mild a disease as not to threaten death or disfigurement. If, however, the vaccination in early life have been but imperfectly performed, or have from any other cause been but imperfectly successful, the protection against small-pox is much less satisfactory; neither lasting so long, nor while it lasts being nearly so complete, as the protection which first-rate vaccination gives. Hitherto, unfortunately, there has always been a very large quantity of imperfect vaccination: and in consequence the population always contains very many persons who, though nominally vaccinated and believing themselves to be protected against small-pox, are really liable to infection, and may in some cases contract as severe forms of small-pox as if they had never been vaccinated. Partly because of the existence of this large number of imperfectly vaccinated persons, and partly because also even the best infantine vaccination sometimes in process of time loses more or less of its effect, it is advisable that all persons who have been vaccinated in infancy should, as they approach adult life, undergo re-vaccination. Generally speaking, the best time of life for re-vaccination is about the time when growth is completing itself, say from 15 to 18 years of age; and persons in that period of life ought not to delay their re-vaccination till times when there shall be special alarm of small-pox. In proportion, however, as there is prevalence of small-pox in any neighborhood, or as individuals are from personal circumstances likely to meet chances of infection, the age of 15 need not be waited for; especially not by young persons whose marks of previous vaccination are unsatisfactory. In circumstances of special danger, every one past childhood, on whom re-vaccination has not before been successfully performed, ought without delay to be re-vaccinated. Re-vaccination, once properly and successfully performed, does not appear ever to require repetition. The nurses and other servants of the Small-pox Hospital, when they enter the service, are invariably submitted to vaccination, which in their case generally is re-vaccination, and is never afterwards repeated; and so perfect is the protection, that though the nurses live in the closest and most constant attendance on small-pox patients, and though also the other servants are in various ways exposed to special chances of infection, the resident surgeon of the hospital, during his thirty years of office there, has never known small-pox affect any one of these nurses or servants.

Proverbs.

Here is a valuable bunch of proverbs: Borrowed garments seldom fit well. Haste often trips up its own heels. Men often blush to hear what they are not ashamed to do. What is not needed is dear at any price. He who buys too many superfluities may be obliged to sell his necessaries. A fool generally loses his estate before he finds his folly. A man that hoards his riches and enjoys them not is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles. Towers are measured by their shadows, and great men by their calaminators. That man who knows the world will never be bashful, and that man who knows himself will never be impudent. Success rides on, every hour—grapple it, and you may win: but without a grapple it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph. It was a saying of Socrates that every man had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy—the one to advise, the other to show him his faults.

Good Sense.

The great trouble among American youth is the lack of application and thoroughness in what they undertake. Anything that cannot be learned by superficial study is given the go-by for something less tedious and irksome. Study and hard labor are looked at from a wrong standpoint; and as a consequence the clerkship ranks are full of unemployed and half starved young men, and the professions are overflowing with mediocrity, while good mechanics find plenty of work at living prices. The evil spoken of is seriously felt. And those who work at a trade do it in so loose and careless a manner that they often are not competent to do the work they promised to do.

☞ I see no fault committed that I might not have committed myself.—*Goethe.*

To Be or Not To Be.

A California editor frankly avows his desire to "be" a while longer, but thinks his chances are small because husbands are so successful in his state in pleading insanity in defense of shooting or knifing persons whom they have suspected of being on friendly terms with their wives; and so he gives notice to "all men's wives who have heretofore enjoyed the advantage of his acquaintance that this ceases to-day and forever." "Somebody," he continues, "perishes ingloriously every day for being on speaking terms with married women, and we do not care to have our turn come round. Deeply grateful for the past forbearance of aggrieved husbands, we make our bow and retire. Hereafter our nods and smiles will be lavished upon girls and widows exclusively; no others need apply. Whosoever will attempt to introduce us to his own wife, or that of another man, will be regarded as a conspirator against our precious life, and be subjected to abuse in the columns of this journal. Nature is strong in us, and we do not wish to die. Whenever we shall feel a desire that way, we shall treat somebody's wife with common courtesy, get shot, and go quietly to our reward."

The Hindoo Suttee.

People have always been led to suppose that by the act of suttee Hindoo wives declared their undying attachment to their husbands, but Dr. Chever, in his recent work on Indian Medical Jurisprudence, traces the custom to a very different origin. He brings forward authorities to show that the Brahmins themselves invented the law as a means of self-protection against their wives. Before its introduction the wives were in the habit of avenging themselves on their husbands for neglect and cruelty by mixing poison with their food; and at last things came to such a height that the least matrimonial quarrel resulted in the husband's death. An easier remedy for the evil might have been found in permitting the wife to eat out of the same dish as the husband, but this would have involved too wide a departure from the custom of society; and it must be admitted that there is a peculiar refinement of cruelty in the expedient adopted which would commend itself to the Asiatic mind. Of late years the law of suttee has been occasionally set at defiance, but the widow cannot altogether escape the consequences of her husband's death. His family degrade her, and put her to the most menial duties in the house.

A Beautiful Thought.

When the Summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the past becomes deeper and deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together around our fire-sides, then the rough places of wafaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of their life.

☞ Not kings alone—the people, too, have their flatterers.—*Mirabeau.*

TO KNOW, to esteem, to love, and then to part,
Make up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

AGRICULTURAL.

Whitewash that Will Not Rub Off.

It is not only a common, but a very wholesome practice, to use whitewash. It preserves wood work, renders it disagreeable as the habitation of insects, and promotes health. Thousands of dwellings are made cheerful by its presence on the ceilings of their rooms, and even the walls are often indebted to it, where paper and paint cannot be afforded. It is cheap and easily applied.

The outside of barns are sometimes whitewashed, and sheds and horse stalls are quite frequently covered with it, and are kept clean and wholesome by its use.

One objection to it, as commonly used, is that it rubs off easily when touched, and spoils the Sunday coat or best hat. It is annoying to go into church, or through the streets, with broad lines of white drawn on one's back, to say nothing of spoiling the cloth. To prevent all this, if the wash is to be used indoors, mix half a pailful of lime and water, take half a pint of flour and make a starch of it, and pour it into the whitewash while hot. Stir it well and make it ready by thinning it for use. A little glue will answer the same purpose. If for outdoor work, add a little salt and boiled rice, made thin. Scarcely a particle of the lime can be rubbed off when prepared in this manner.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Watering Teams Often.

Horses and oxen at work need water often. The ploughman carries his jug of water, or leaves his team to rest while he goes to the house for a drink. But the team works harder than the driver, and probably needs drink as often; yet many teams are taken out early to the field, where there is no water, except in the driver's jug, and worked five or six hours before they can get a drop. Is it any wonder that they are injured by drinking too much when they are led to the spring at noon or at evening?

Items.

—To rid your apple trees of borers, you will need to follow their burrows by cutting with a chisel or knife until you can crowd a small wire, or twig from off the trees, to the end of their holes; in this way you can punch them to death.

—To ascertain what cows are hurtful in a butter dairy, our practice and that of our friends, has been to test the cow by churning the cream separate. In this way, good cows or ordinary milkers are also found out.

—Wheat, grass and fruit trees seem to derive the greatest benefit from the use of ashes; but vegetables of all kinds thrive and are less liable to be troubled by worms than when other manures are used.

—It is impossible for the East to compete with the West in the raising of grain, be the incentive to do so ever so strong.

—For a wet cellar there is no remedy so sure and easy as tile drains, wherever an outlet can be found lower than the bottom of the cellar.

—Young turkeys should have pure water constantly by them.

—In time of peace prepare for war. Repair the tools and get new ones. Keep the stock in good order—it pays. Cut up the fuel. Get good seed and plenty of it. Lastly feed yourselves well—mentally and physically.

—The financial condition of a great many of our farmers is now such that they ought to begin to improve their stock.

—The culture of Swedes or ruta bagas has been considerably extended of late years.

—The range of a bee's flight for food is generally within two or three miles.

—Turkeys have paid the best of anything raised in New England for the last ten years.

—Early peas should be planted shallow; late peas deeper.

—Do not be in too great a hurry to plant.

—Tile-drains, it is claimed, not only drain, but *ventilate* the soil.

—Wool is composed of the best flesh-producing substances found in the vegetable kingdom.

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 51 letters.
My 17, 35, 8, 2, 21, was a great king of Israel.
My 1, 16, 6, 45, 23, 6, is our greatest blessing.
My 18, 50, 2, 22, 27, 41, 19, 20, 13, 7, 5, 14, 17, 42, 6, 37, 30, 4, is a saint mentioned in the New Testament.
My 11, 23, 49, 45, 6, 25, was built by Solomon.
My 31, 44, 48, 37, was an ancient and wicked city.
My 14, 47, 15, 17, 10, 26, 2, 21, 50, 33, was the day of our blessed Lord's crucifixion.
My 36, 19, 6, 24, 35, 26, 13, is a mount near the Holy City.
My 38, 19, 8, 27, 2, 20, 14, is ordered in Scripture.
My 29, 28, 31, 32, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 8, 2, 12, 9, 43, was a king of the Amorites.
My 34, 5, 2, 11, 33, is one of the theological virtues.
My 39, 46, 7, 19, 31, 18, is an Epistle by St. Paul.
My 40, 14, was a king of Basan.
My whole is a verse from the Holy Bible.

C. H. P.

Charade.

My first is a kind of butter.
My second is a kind of liquor (lick-er.)
My whole is part of a gun.

Geometrical Problem.

It is required to cut four triangular pieces containing 16, 26, 42 and 72 square inches respectively from the corners of a board 20 inches square, so that the remainder may be a quadrilateral having its corners in the sides of the square.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a divorce like high-water mark on the sea-coast? Ans.—Because it is the termination of the tide.

☞ What chemical instrument is like a cutting reply? Ans.—The retort.

☞ Why is the heart cruel? Ans.—Because it is always beating.

☞ When is a lot of corn like a corner lot? Ans.—When it's *ground.*

☞ What would a pig do if he wanted a habitation? Ans.—He would tie a knot on his tail and call it a pig-sty.

☞ QUESTION BY A SEWING MACHINE.—What is woman's true sphere. Ans.—The *hemi*sphere.

☞ ALPHABETICAL RIDDLES.—What letters do we like green? P's.

☞ What letter is most useful to cattle? A.

☞ What letter speaks for *yourself*? I.

☞ What letter smacks of honey? B.

☞ What letter suits sailors? C.

☞ What letter should drivers use? G.

☞ What letter is most refreshing? T.

☞ Who are the above letters for? U.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—The Little Miami Branch of the Pennsylvania Central.

DOUBLE ACROST.—

M	MAP	P
A	ARBOR	R
R	REIS EFFENDI	I
Q	QUEEN	N
U	UNPOETIC	C
I	INGRATITUDE	E
S	STAYS	S
O	ODDS *	S
F	FESTIVAL	L
L	LIMBO	O
O	ORMOLU	U
R	RABBI	I
N	NUPTIALS	S
E	EXPANSE	E

RECEIPTS.

BISQUE OF LOBSTER.—A soup made with fish is always called a bisque. It is made either with crabs or lobsters. Remove a portion from either side of the head and use the rest. To boil a lobster, put it in a fish-kettle, and cover it with cold water, cooking it on a quick fire. Two lobsters will make soup for six or eight persons, and also salad. All the under shell and small claws are pounded in a mortar to make the bisque. When it is pounded, put it in a pan and set it on the fire with broth or water. The meat is cut in small pieces to be added afterwards. The bisque is left on the fire to boil gently for half an hour. Then pour it into a sieve and press it with a masher to extract the juice. To make it thicker a small piece of parsnip can be added and mashed with the rest into a pan, so that all the essence is extracted in that way from the lobster. When you have strained it, put a little butter with it, and add as much broth as is required. Put some of the meat in the soup tureen, and pour the soup over it.

CURRANT ICE-CREAM.—Put into a basin a large spoonful and a half currant jelly, with half a gill of syrup; squeeze in the juice of one lemon and a half, add a pint of cream and a little cochineal, pass it through a sieve, and freeze it in the usual way.

LEMON-WATER ICE.—Rub on sugar the clear rinds of lemons, squeeze the juice of twelve lemons, strain them, boil the sugar into a strong, thick syrup, add to the juice half a pint of water, or good barley water, sweeten it with your syrup, and add the white of an egg.